THE AMERICAN WEST

Cover: "The West has passed—more's the pity," lamented leading western artist and illustrator William Herbert Dunton, who died in 1936. "In another twenty-five years, the old-time westerner will have gone with the buffalo and the antelope. I'm going to hand down to posterity a bit of the unadulterated real thing." Born in Maine in 1878, Dunton was fascinated by the West from an early age. Settling in New York, he became a successful illustrator in the realistic tradition, furnishing the drawings for Zane Grey and other western novels. After repeated excursions west, Dunton settled permanently in Taos, New Mexico, in 1921, where he was a leading member of the well-known Taos Society of Artists. An extensive group of Dunton's paintings, including McMillan, Guide, *the work reproduced on our cover, is now part of the western collection of the new Stark Museum of Art in Orange, Texas. A sampling from that rich and varied collection appears on pages 38–45 of this issue.*

COVER PAINTING REPRODUCED COURTESY OF THE STARK MUSEUM OF ART, ORANGE, TEXAS (DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL)

REPRODUCED COURTESY OF JOHN M. HORTON

During British explorer James Cook's third voyage to the Pacific in 1776-1779, the expedition's two ships first anchored in North America at Nootka Sound, off the west shore of present-day Vancouver Island, British Columbia. In the recent painting above by marine artist John Horton, sailors moor Cook's flagship Resolution *in a small cove preparatory to replacing several decayed masts with timbers cut on shore. Nootka natives, who had already traded with Spanish explorers, met the ships and during the next several weeks exchanged sea otter pelts for brass and other European goods.*

February 14, 1979 marks the bicentennial of Cook's death in the Pacific; an article on the famed mariner and his historic third voyage *begins on page 4.*

CHARLES R. PRATSCH COLLECTION, WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, PULLMAN

THE BOUNTIFUL forests and waters of the Grays Harbor, Washington, region provided a continuing harvest for early settlers like this forthright duck hunter, who posed with his catch for Aberdeen photographer Charles R. Pratsch sometime before the turn of the century. For a portfolio of Pratsch's photographs showing pioneer life in the logging camps and mill towns of Grays Harbor, turn to page 18.

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Captain James COOK and the Pacific Frontier

by Daniel Conner

IN THE MIDST of the American Revolution, Benjamin Franklin, then serving as American minister to France, issued the following letter:

To all Captains and Commanders of armed Ships acting by Commission from the Congress of the United States of America now in War with Great Britain.—

Gentlemen,

A Ship having been fitted out from England before the commencement of this War to make discoveries of new Countries in unknown Seas, under the conduct of that most celebrated Navigator Capt. Cook; an undertaking truly laudable in itself, as the Increase of Geographical Knowledge facilitates the Communication between distant Nations, in the exchange of useful Products and Manufactures and the extension of Arts, whereby the common enjoyments of human life are multiplied and augmented, and Science of other kinds increased to the benefit of mankind in general. This is therefore most earnestly to recommend to everyone of you that in Case the said Ship, which is now expected to be soon in the European seas on her return, should happen to fall into your Hands, you would not consider her as an enemy, nor suffer any Plunder to be made of the effects contained in her, nor obstruct her immediate return to England by detaining her or sending her into any other part of Europe or to America, but that you would treat the said Captain Cook and his people with all civility and kindness, affording them as common friends to mankind all the Assistance in your power which they may happen to stand in need of. In so doing you will not only gratify the generosity of your own dispositions, but there is no doubt of your obtaining the approbation of the Congress and your other American Owners.

I have the honour to be,
Gentlemen.
Your most obedient
humble servant
B. Franklin

Given at Passy,
Near Paris, this
10 Day of March 1779

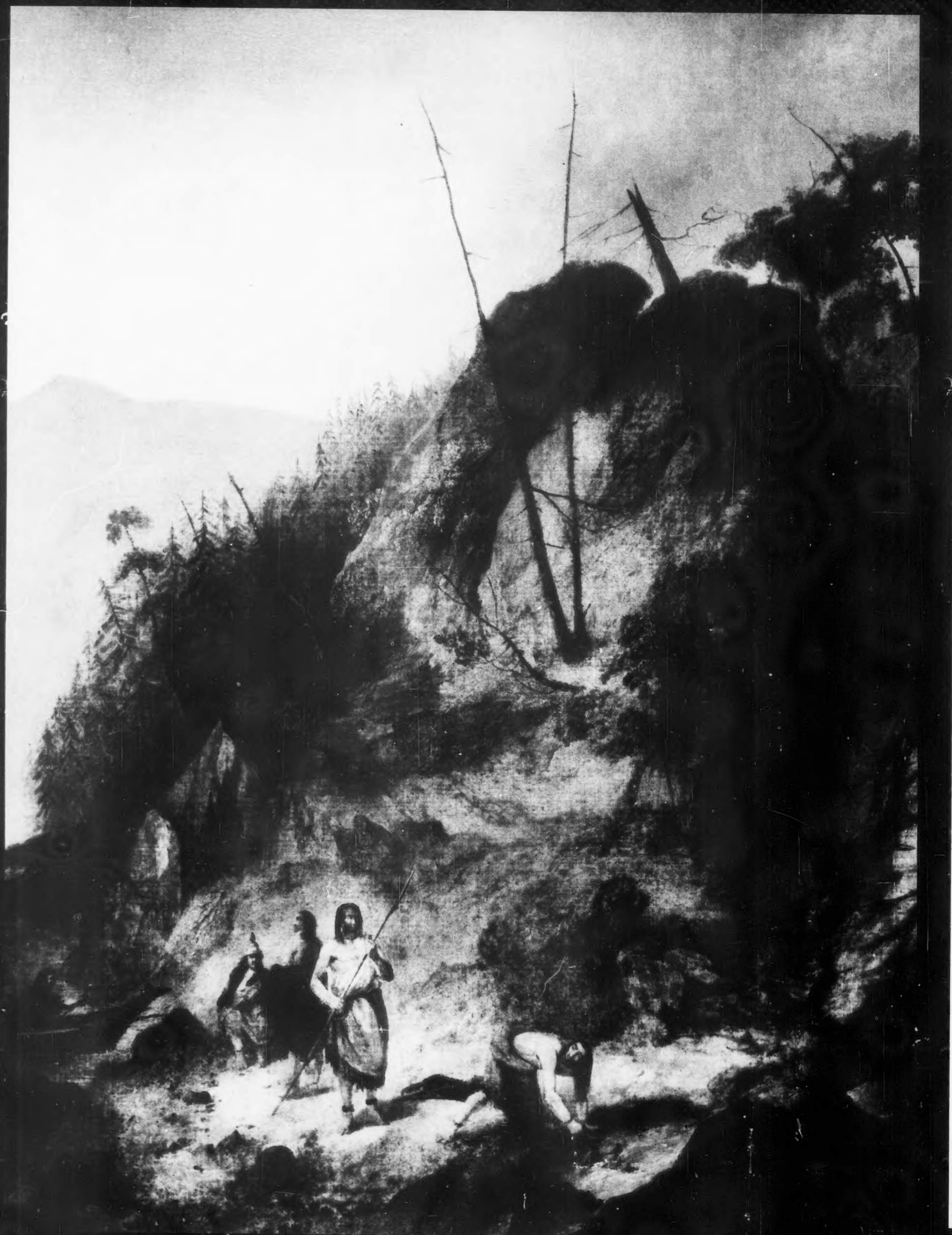
Minister Plenipotentiary
from the Congress of the
United States to the
Court of France

The voyage of exploration in which Capt. James Cook was engaged was an attempt to discover the fabled Northwest Passage, thought to begin in the unknown waters of the North Pacific. Sadly, however, at the time of Franklin's letter, Cook was already dead, killed in a skirmish with the native peoples of Hawaii, the most recent of Cook's discoveries in the Pacific.

Cook's death in Hawaii brought to an end a remarkable career. Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1728, the son of a humble laborer, he had first gone to sea at the comparatively late age of eighteen as an apprentice seaman on a Whitby collier carrying coal between Newcastle and London. At the age of twenty-seven he enlisted as an ordinary seaman in the Royal Navy, then engaged in the Seven Years War with France. Quickly promoted, Cook's unusual skill in surveying was rapidly recognized. His talents in this field were instrumental in guiding the British fleet up the dangerous St. Lawrence River to capture the fortress of Quebec, stronghold of French Canada. Later, appointed first surveyor of Newfoundland, he produced a series of invaluable charts of that intricate and dangerous coastline.

This article is based on Daniel Conner's research for Master Mariner: Capt. James Cook and the People of the Pacific, *which he coauthored with Lorraine Miller.* Master Mariner *has just been published in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, and in the United States by the University of Washington Press, Seattle.*

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK AS PORTRAYED BY NATHANIEL DANCE IN 1776, THE YEAR COOK DEPARTED ON HIS THIRD AND FINAL VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC
COLLECTION OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, LONDON



When Cook and his men arrived at Nootka Sound on the west side of present-day Vancouver Island, British Columbia, they found the native people to be shrewd traders, eager to exchange sea otter pelts for brass and metal rather than the usual baubles, beads, and feathers. Cook expedition artist John Webber painted this View of Nootka Sound *after their stay there in March of 1778.*

COLLECTION OF THE BEINECKE RARE BOOK AND MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

Cook was forty years old when he embarked on his first voyage of discovery to the Pacific in 1768. He had been selected to take a team of scientists to Tahiti to observe a rare astronomical phenomenon, the transit of the planet Venus across the sun. At this time the Pacific, first seen by Europeans in 1513, was still largely unexplored. The known map of the Pacific Ocean contained little more than a squiggle to represent Abel Tasman's observation of western New Zealand in 1642, a blob to show his discovery of Tasmania, and the sketchiest marks to indicate Spanish and Dutch sightings of the north, south, and west coasts of Australia. No one had ever with certainty seen the east coast of Australia.

The ocean itself also contained two great mysteries. It was not clear whether the southern hemisphere comprised ocean or a great land mass—the mysterious "southern continent" postulated by geographers since classical times. And, most importantly, no one knew whether there was a navigable passage linking the northern Pacific with the Atlantic—the fabled Strait of Anian or Northwest Passage.

ok did much to fill in these gaps. In two momentous voyages (1768–71 and 1772–75) he mapped New Zealand, crossed the Great Barrier Reef to chart the long eastern shoreline of Australia, and systematically sailed back and forth across the southern ocean from New Zealand to Easter Island and south almost to Antarctica to demolish the myth of the southern continent. Cook took his ships where no European vessel had gone before and kept them at sea far longer than had been thought possible. For one period on his second voyage Cook was at sea for 122 days; for another, 117 days. Moreover, he brought back exact charts to show where he had been and how to return there.

Much of Cook's success was due to recent advances in the science of navigation. In the 1760s, the development of the chronometer by the English clockmaker John Harrison made it possible, when using this instrument in conjunction with an octant and nautical almanac, to determine a ship's longitude at sea to an accuracy of about three miles. Cook carried a copy of Harrison's chronometer on his second voyage. It enabled him to become the first commander in history to know almost precisely where his ship was for most of his time at sea.

The new possibilities for ocean-going vessels afforded by the chronometer would have been greatly lessened, however, but for Cook's successful experiments in preserving the health of his men during their long spells at sea. One of his most remarkable achievements was the elimination of many of the sicknesses and diseases which commonly plagued ocean voyages. Above all he made great strides towards protecting his men from the scourge of the eighteenth century seaman—scurvy.

Cook's voyages showed that scurvy was no longer to be feared if simple and effective precautions were strictly enforced. He was convinced that scurvy resulted from dirty conditions and bad diet. His ships, therefore, were kept scrubbed, ventilated, and fumigated. The men wore clean, warm clothing. And every day, Cook forced down their throats experimental new foods—unsalted soup, sauerkraut, and fruit juices. More important still was his emphasis on fresh food and water. Whenever the ships touched on a suitable shore, the water was replenished and crewmen were sent foraging for fruit, vegetables, berries, and green plants. A result of Cook's meticulous attention to the health of his men was that on the second voyage to the Pacific, after remaining at sea for longer than any crew in history, only one man was lost through sickness, though there were mild outbreaks of scurvy. It was Cook's proudest triumph.

COOK'S RECORD OF SUCCESS made him the obvious choice to lead a major voyage to explore the still-unknown waters of the North Pacific. Here, it was hoped, he would discover the long-sought navigable waterway between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans—the legendary Northwest Passage. During the three centuries since the discovery of America, European navigators had searched in vain for the location of this fabled shortcut to the riches of the Orient. Much of the northern and eastern coastline of Canada was discovered in the process, as searchers probed their way from the hostile North Atlantic.

In Cook's day, however, English knowledge of the North Pacific coast of America remained vague and uncertain. No English ship had been there since Sir Francis Drake in 1579. Accordingly, there was room for a great deal of conjecture and imagination; it was roughly in the area of present-day Oregon and British Columbia, for instance, that Jonathan Swift placed the fantasy land of Brobdingnag in *Gulliver's Travels.*

Russian and Spanish exploration of the North Pacific coast did little to dispel the idea that a waterway somehow passed through or around the continent to the Atlantic.

Reports of Vitus Bering's 1728 discovery of the strait later named for him, and of other Russian voyages along the coast of Alaska, renewed hopes that a passage did exist. Cook, in fact, carried Russian maps indicating a clear route to the Arctic Sea.

Cook's ship for the third voyage was the *Resolution,* which had served him so well during his previous expedition. A converted Whitby collier—462 tons, nearly 111 feet long and about 35½ feet maximum beam—she was much like the vessel in which Cook had first gone to sea. The *Resolution* was ideally suited to her task in the Pacific. She could operate at extreme range for long periods because she was roomy enough to carry adequate provisions and yet small enough to be taken ashore for repairs. Her flat bottom and shallow draft enabled Cook to put in close to shore to chart coasts and to land easily. He also knew she would not overbalance if she went aground on a submerged rock, reef, or sandbank. By the standards of the day her appearance was far from elegant, but Cook saw her qualities. He wrote that she "was the properest ship for the service she is intended for of any I ever saw." She was to be accompanied by another Whitby collier, the 293-ton *Discovery* under Captain Charles Clerke, thirty-three, who had been Cook's second lieutenant on the previous voyage.

As a collier, the *Resolution* had carried a crew of perhaps twenty. She now had to accommodate over one hundred men and officers, while the *Discovery* carried a complement of sixty-nine. Many members of both ships' companies had sailed with Cook before, some from the beginning. Clerke, indeed, had been on the first voyage as master's mate, as had the *Resolution*'s first lieutenant, John Gore, forty-six, from Virginia, who was now making his fourth voyage around the world. Clerke's first lieutenant on the *Discovery* was twenty-one-year-old James Burney, who had sailed with Cook on his previous voyage and was later to become an admiral.

James King, twenty-six, second lieutenant on the *Resolution*, was sailing with Cook for the first time. Entering the Royal Navy at the age of twelve, he had gone on to study science in Paris and at Oxford, where he so impressed his professor of astronomy that the man recommended him for Cook's third voyage. His experience as a seaman, combined with his ability as an astronomer, made him of great service to Cook.

In contrast to King was the *Resolution*'s rough-spoken master, William Bligh. Also sailing with Cook for the first time, Bligh was destined to become famous as chief victim of the uprising later immortalized in Nordhoff and Hall's classic story, *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

There was another later-famous name among the midshipmen as well—George Vancouver, who had first sailed with Cook on the second voyage as a thirteen-year-old able seaman. In 1792, Vancouver was to make his own great voyage to the Pacific Northwest, where he made an accurate survey of the coast northwards from 30°, examined the Strait of Juan de Fuca and the Gulf of Georgia, and circumnavigated Vancouver Island.

Among the crew, nineteen had sailed with Cook before, six of them twice. There were some interesting newcomers as well. John Ledyard, an adventurous twenty-five-year-old American, had sailed to Europe in 1773 where he had tried unsuccessfully to enlist in a British regiment at Gibraltar. He had now, somehow, become corporal of marines on the *Resolution*. After the voyage he refused to serve against his countrymen during the American Revolution and deserted in 1782 while serving on the North American station. In 1784 he returned to London and set out to walk across Siberia, down to Nootka Sound, and then to Virginia. He actually reached the city of Irkutsk, near the Mongolian border, before he was arrested in February 1788 and returned to the Polish border.

Two other Americans, Nathaniel Portlock, sailing on the *Discovery* as master's mate, and George Dixon, the armorer, were both later to receive their own commands in an expedition to develop the Pacific Northwest fur trade.

As with Cook's previous voyages, an official illustrator was commissioned by the Admiralty so that, in Cook's words, "we might go out with every help that could serve to make the result of our voyage entertaining to the generality of our readers." Cook's illustrated journals of his first two voyages had become best sellers. The artist, John Webber, was to make this third voyage the most profusely illustrated of them all. It was also the most fully documented. Most of the officers kept detailed accounts of their impressions and experiences. Even below deck, many of the men kept notes and diaries. Sailing with Cook gave each a sense of his special importance and of the historical significance of the voyage.

It is evident from these journals and diaries that both officers and men held Cook in great esteem and affection. The surgeon's mate on the *Resolution* wrote this apt description of his character and appearance: "His constitution was strong, his mode of living temperate. . . . He was a modest man and rather bashful; of an agreeable, lively conversation, sensible and intelligent. In his temper he was somewhat hasty, but of a disposition most friendly, benevolent and humane. His person was above six feet high, and though a good looking man, he was plain both in address and appearance. His head was small, his hair which was a dark brown, he wore tied behind. His face was full of expression, his nose exceedingly well shaped, his eyes, which were small and of a brown cast, were quick and piercing: his eyebrows prominent, which gave his countenance altogether an air of austerity. . . . He was beloved by his people, who looked up to him as a father, and obeyed his commands with alacrity."

By the early summer of 1776, the ships were almost ready to sail. King George III granted Cook an hour's audience to wish him Godspeed. In July both ships were at Plymouth, appearing small and insignificant amidst the

Sailing through Bering Strait in August of 1778, the Cook expedition encountered an impenetrable sea of ice that prevented further search for the Northwest Passage. Turning back, the fog was so thick that the explorers sometimes had to rely for orientation on the barking of walrus huddled on the ice. Some of the walrus were shot for food, as John Webber's oil painting shows. While many of the sailors found the meat "pleasant and good eating," others felt it was so "disgustful" that Cook had to flog two of the men to force them to eat it.

"A PARTY FROM HIS MAJESTIES SHIPS RESOLUTION & DISCOVERY SHOOTING SEA-HORSES, LATITUDE 71 NORTH" **DETAIL OF THE ORIGINAL**
COLLECTION OF THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE (ROYAL NAVY), LONDON

great fleet of warships, troop carriers, and supply vessels bound for the war in the American colonies. The Declaration of Independence was adopted on July 4, just eight days before the *Resolution* sailed.

Cook's instructions indicated that this voyage would be the longest and toughest expedition he had yet undertaken. He was to sail down the length of the Atlantic to the Cape of Good Hope, and from there make for sub-Antarctic waters in search of island bases for future British voyages. Then, for ten thousand miles, he was to battle the winds as he crossed the bottom of the world to Tasmania and New Zealand. From there he was to sail to the Society Islands and Tahiti to prepare for the exploration of the North Pacific.

This itinerary occupied some one and a half years before Cook was ready to begin the voyage from Tahiti to the American coast in search of the Northwest Passage. On leaving New Zealand, contrary winds had put the expedition behind schedule for arriving in northern latitudes during the summer months when sailing conditions would be easier. Accordingly they waited for the following season among the Friendly and Society island groups, which Cook knew well from his previous voyages. Here a careful record was made of the customs and culture of the Pacific Islanders.

GLOOM PERVADED BOTH SHIPS as the expedition headed into the unknown waters of the East Pacific in December 1777. The prospect of discovering the Northwest Passage did little to alleviate the despondency felt by many of the crew. George Gilbert, a young seaman on the *Resolution,* sadly reflected, "We left these Islands with the greatest regret, imaginable; as supposing all the pleasures of the voyage to be now at an end: Having nothing to expect in future but excess of cold, Hunger and every kind of hardship, and distress, attending a Sea life in general. and these voyages in particular, the Idea of which render'd us quite dejected."

Within two weeks an uninhabited atoll, which Cook named Christmas Island, was sighted. Here two men nearly died from heat and thirst. Then, on January 18, a sharp-eyed midshipman on the *Resolution* sighted land once more. The ships had become the first European vessels to sight the Hawaiian Islands, and the discovery was to be of great strategic and commercial importance in the empty waters of the East Pacific. Cook wrote that this discovery "seemed in every respect to be the most important that had hitherto been made by Europeans throughout the extent of the Pacific Ocean." He named them the Sandwich Islands in honor of the first lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Sandwich.

Three islands in the Hawaiian group had been sighted —Oahu, Atooi (Kauai), and Niihau. As the *Resolution* and *Discovery* approached, the men saw that these isolated

This vivid but overly imaginative oil painting by George Carter (1737–1794) depicts the death of Cook at the hands of the Hawaiians who had once considered him a god. King Kalani'opu'u, wearing a red and yellow feathered cape, is shown poised to stab Cook, a doubtful act since the king was an aged and frightened man rather than the fierce warrior the artist has drawn.

REX NAN KIVELL COLLECTION, NATIONAL LIBRARY OF AUSTRALIA, CANBERRA

The rugged coast of America's North Pacific region (near right) and the lush tropical shores of Hawaii (opposite) suggest the great range of Captain Cook's Pacific voyages. In a mere ten years he charted more of the Pacific than had been recorded in the previous two hundred fifty years of exploration.

REENACTMENT OF COOK ON THE BRITISH COLUMBIA COAST
BRITISH COLUMBIA FERRY CORPORATION, VICTORIA

islands were inhabited, for people lined the shore and hills to watch the two ships arrive. Soon canoes filled with people began moving toward the ships, and the English were amazed to hear them speak what one officer described as a Tahitian "dialect." Cook and Clerke began to compute in miles and degrees of longitude the staggering distances of wide-open sea that separated these islanders from their kin in New Zealand, remote Easter Island, and the archipelagoes that lay scattered within this immense ocean triangle.

The islanders' curiosity quickly overcame their fear of boarding the ships, and the first venturesome few were soon followed by great numbers. "I never saw Indians so much astonished at the entering of a ship before," Cook noted as the vessels stood in for a harbor. "Their eyes were continually flying from object to object, the wildness of their looks and actions fully expressed their surprise and astonishment at the several new objects before them and evinced that they had never been on board a ship before."

Cook's anchorage was the village of Waimea on Kauai. When he went ashore for the first time, he was greeted with a remarkable display of deference. "The very instant I leaped ashore, they all fell flat on their faces, and remained in that humble posture till I made signs to them to rise. They then brought a great many small pigs and gave us without regarding whether they got anything in return or no."

Though Cook was familiar with such demonstrations of respect in Polynesia, the deference shown by the Hawaiians *was* extraordinary, though none of Cook's men quite realized this. To native peoples Cook was always an anomaly, but in Hawaii he must have been a peculiar puzzle. His arrival coincided with the rites associated with the Hawaiian god, Lono, who long before had sailed back to the ancestral home in Tahiti but was someday to return to Hawaii. Lono's central symbol was a white banner that looked exactly like the sails on Cook's ships. Historians have suggested that the astonishment displayed by the Hawaiians at the appearance of Cook's ships during the period devoted to the rites of Lono marked the beginning of their linking of Captain Cook with this god, a phenomenon that seems to have intensified upon Cook's return the following year.

AFTER JUST TWO WEEKS in the Hawaiian Islands, Cook sailed north to catch the west winds that would blow him to the North American coast. On March 7, 1778, at 44° 13′ north, he sighted the coast of Oregon, thus becoming the first Englishman since Drake to have viewed both coasts of America. Two hundred years before, Drake had named this coast "New Albion" and claimed it for England in defiance of the pretensions of the king of Spain. It was still known only to a few brave Spanish seamen and an occasional Russian fur trader. The journals of Cook's officers reflect their curiosity as they tried to glimpse the mysterious shoreline through the fog.

The Oregon and Washington coasts later became notorious for hazardous conditions in the days of sail: Cape Flattery, named by Cook, rated as one of the four most vicious headlands in the world. Westerly winds now put Cook's ships in great danger of being blown on shore, and Cook was forced south as far as Cape Blanco before the winds turned in his favor and he could sail north. Even so, he had to stay well out to sea, thereby missing the mouth of the Columbia River and the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

Cook's instructions directed that "upon your arrival on the coast of New Albion you are to put into the first convenient port to recruit your wood and water and procure refreshments." On March 29, two weeks after arriving at the coast, the two ships entered a large bay, which Cook called Hope Bay. They passed through a narrow channel into what he at first called King George's Sound (Nootka Sound) and finally anchored in Ship Cove (Resolution Cove) on Bligh Island.

Continued on page 56

NORTHEAST COAST OF THE ISLAND OF HAWAII
ED COOPER

"Just a Young Fella Comin' through the Country"

In the early 1800s, pioneers, opportunists, and adventurers began to move into the Southwest. Men came alone or with families, sometimes on foot but more often on horseback or in wagons. Most of them spoke with southern accents and were hoping to find "wood and water" and a place to begin a new life.

Y. J. Rylee of Atlanta, Georgia, was one of these pioneers, and in 1856 he settled on the east bank of the Brazos River in Hood County, Texas. The slaves he brought with him cut and hewed logs for a crude house near the river. Two years later work began on a more permanent house using native rock, shaped and cleaned, for the walls and hand-hewn cedar for the rafters and shingles. Y. J. and his wife Mary Permelia soon moved into the new Rock House by the Brazos River and began to raise a family, which eventually included eight children. It was not long after the Rylee settlement had been established that other pioneers recognized the value of the land along the Brazos, and a little village was established on the river's west bank, which became the present town of Granbury.

Young Ed Aiken came to Texas in a wagon train after the Civil War, when the march into the area around the Brazos had become faster, and the covered wagons, sometimes as many as sixty at a time, were coming in from Atlanta and Tennessee. Passing through the country, Ed first saw red-headed Narcissa, one of the Rylee daughters, out in the yard by the Rock House. He courted and married her, and after the death of her parents, moved with her into the Rock House. They were the second generation to live on the land that then became known as the Aiken farm. Living in peace with the Caddo Indians who camped on the river bank, Ed and Narcissa farmed their land, fenced pasture for livestock, and had eleven children. When the railroad was built through the area, a station known as Aikendale was established on the property.

After Ed Aiken's death, Narcissa and two of her grown daughters moved from the Rock House to a small white frame house across the river in the town of Granbury, while one of her sons, Virgil, became the third generation to raise a family in the Rock House. Arthur, another son, took over the farm when Virgil moved away and now his son and grandson manage the property.

At the age of eighty, Mabel Aiken Bayer, the youngest daughter of Ed and Narcissa Aiken and the narrator of the story that follows, was still living in Granbury and taking visitors on tours of the town. The history of Hood County and of the Aiken family in particular was one of her major interests, and her phenomenal memory of the early days made her a fascinating storyteller.

MABEL AIKEN BAYER IN 1976

Two months before her death in March of 1978, I spent some time with her listening to her reminisce about our family—the courtship of her parents, the birth of my father, Erris, and her childhood in the Rock House on the bank of the Brazos River. She was resting on the sofa in the small white house where her mother and two sisters had lived after they moved into town, and I sat on the floor beside her with the tape recorder whirring unobtrusively under the sofa. The resulting tape, part of which is transcribed below, is a nostalgic description of a time much removed from present days, and is punctuated with gleeful laughter, hers and mine. Aunt Mabel was doing what she liked to do best.

—Jane Stopschinski

Oral History from the Texas Frontier

as told to Jane Stopschinski by Mabel Aiken Bayer

MY DADDY was born and reared in Aiken, South Carolina, but he came to Texas when he was just a young fella and married the little red-haired girl that was out in the yard by the Rock House.

He drove a wagon for these people from Atlanta, Georgia, and they just came through the country lookin' around for wood and water, you know, and those days this town was just a wild west town (that's the reason that John Wilkes Booth came here after he shot Lincoln) but there was the Brazos River with beautiful icy clear water flowing from springs on its banks and plenty of wooded country, and they were lookin' for wood and water; that's what all the settlers was lookin' for when they came here, wood and water, so they camped over here close to Cleburne and comin' through here, lookin' around, they passed out there by the home place and Mama was in the yard and my daddy said, "I'm gonna marry that girl."

Of course, Mama could have married any of the boys here in Granbury; she came from a fine family, old settlers here. Grandpa had come to Texas with his slaves in 1856 from Atlanta, Georgia, and had bought all this land for fifty cents an acre (it was a school grant and so he couldn't just homestead it; he had to buy it) and his land stretched from the Brazos River with the five clear water springs way over to Comanche Peak. Later, he built this Rock House—really a mansion at the time. When the house was started, you see, a group of Norwegians came through the area and helped my grandpa build the house. It was the first one anywhere around with window panes of glass, and people would come on horseback for miles to see this Rock House where the people could be inside and look out. And Grandpa had a fine breed of racehorses, though he wouldn't race anymore after Uncle Johnny Aiken, Papa's brother, was killed in a horse race in Austin. Anyway, Mama could have married any of the boys here in Granbury; there was lots of old settlers with boys Mama's age, but she saw Papa at the church with Uncle John and he had black wavy hair and kind eyes and well, of course, Papa had seen her in the yard by the Rock House, probably a-sittin' in the swing with her red hair bright in the sunshine, and he just said, "I'm gonna marry that girl." And he did.

They had eleven children, Mama and Papa did, and six of us was born in the white house on the hill across from the Rock House and Arthur, he was born by Comanche Peak; Mama and Papa had bought on their own a little farm down near this peak, Comanche Peak, you know? Well, down at the bottom of this peak they owned a little farm that they'd bought on their own; Papa bought it, and

NARCISSA AND ED AIKEN, CIRCA 1895

(they didn't live there but a little while) and Arthur was born and then they moved to the home place and the rest of us was born at the home place, the Rock House.

Erris was the youngest and they named him Erris because one of the boys had been studying Texas history, about Mexican generals in Texas history and started sayin' "Mama, why don't we name the new baby 'Gutierris' after this famous Mexican General," and kept sayin', "We're gonna name the baby 'Gutierris.' " Well, Mama wouldn't do that, of course, but Arthur was just set on the name so Mama said she guessed they could name him Erris. You know, he was what you call a blue baby when he was born, and they rubbed his mouth with a little piece of fat bacon

PHOTOGRAPHS ACCOMPANYING THIS ARTICLE ARE FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE AUTHOR

"They had eleven children, Mama and Papa did, and six of us was born in the white house on the hill across from the Rock House and Arthur, he was born by Comanche Peak. . . . and then they moved to the home place and the rest of us was born at the home place, the Rock House."
In the 1904 Aiken family photograph at right, Ed and Narcissa Aiken sit in the back row center, surrounded by their children. Erris, the youngest, is at center front with Mabel, the narrator of this account, next to him.

because he wasn't breathing; in those days they thought there was something about it that would get the circulation started if they could get the baby to start suckin' on it. Dr. Lancaster was tellin' Mama not to grieve about this late baby and Aunt Sadie carried the baby in the kitchen and put the fat bacon on his lips and all at once he started suckin' that bacon and Aunt Sadie ran to Mama: "Oh, Narcissa, he's goin' to be all right; he's a-suckin' the bacon," and they named him Erris because Arthur had been studying about General Guitíerrez.

SO ANYWAY, my daddy was born and reared in Aiken, South Carolina—that was named for his grandfather. My daddy's daddy, that would be my grandfather Aiken, died during the Civil War. He didn't get killed but he died from exposure. And then when he died from exposure during the Civil War, why, Grandmother was left there in Aiken, South Carolina, with six children and Papa was the oldest one. (She had two other boys and three girls.) So she decided—of course, in Carolina during the war they destroyed a lot of things and she had some buildings and all and during the war they were destroyed—and she decided to come to Texas, but she didn't want to come until she could find a place to live. So there was a family comin' in a wagon train from Atlanta, Georgia, so she told Papa, he was the oldest, you see (Papa was named Ed—Ed Aiken), and so she told Papa that he was the oldest and she wanted him to come with these people and she would pay them for him to come with these people and find a place to live and then she would come and bring the rest of the family. So my daddy came. There was two or three wagons in this wagon train and my daddy drove one of the teams and the wagon for these people and came to Texas. And when they came to Texas they stopped right over here close to Cleburne and they camped there and so then they just came through the country, comin' through here lookin' around, and they passed out there by the home place and Mama—she was just a young girl about seventeen years old—and so she was out in the yard there under the big oak tree in front of the Rock House, at the home place, and he saw her and she had red hair and my daddy hollared to the man that was drivin' the wagon back of him as he passed in front of the Rock House, and he hollared to the man: "You see that girl out there, that red-headed girl out there in that yard?" The man nodded his head—I've heard my daddy tell this—and so he nodded his head that he did and Papa said, "I'm gonna marry that girl."

The fella gave him a horse laugh, you know, they were just passin' through the country and everything, but anyway, they went on and they camped over there close to Cleburne and so the next Saturday night my daddy got on one of those horses or mules or whatever they drove then in the wagon train and he came over to this Rock House.

Those days, you know, you'd just drive up in front of the house and the man that owned the house, or whoever was there, they'd just go out and say, "Get off of your horse and come on in." They'd give 'em some coffee and somethin' to eat and ask 'em to stay all night and so ('course Papa knew that) and so he drove up out on his horse and Grandpa went out on the front porch and saw him ride up on a horse out there at the Rock House and so Grandpa said, "Get off and come in, young man; come on in." And said, "I'll send a boy around to get your horse." And so he sent this nigger boy that worked there around to get Papa's horse and took it out to the barn and Papa went on in.

Well, of course, he began lookin' for Mama; that was the reason he had come. All Mama's family was there, all her brothers and sisters—Mama had ten brothers and sisters—and Grandma and Cousin George. (That was Cousin George Bell. His mother and father had died durin' the war and he was practically raised there at the home place with Mama; Mama said she loved him just like a brother. It was a terrible thing for the family—he married Fanny Booth, you know, and John Wilkes Booth, her cousin, came out here after he shot Lincoln. He thought that she'd hide him out, but she wouldn't do it. She wouldn't hide him out. She said no. Cousin George never did like to talk about it but it was a terrible thing for the family.) Any-

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way, the whole family was there and so Papa looked around and he didn't see any sign of Mama and suppertime came and he didn't see any sign of her and he thought, "Oh, she must just been a-visitin' here." He couldn't afford to ask about her because he was a stranger so he went on and so one of Mama's brothers, my Uncle John Rylee, was about Papa's age and so, oh! he was real nice to Papa. Oh, he was so nice to him, and so they had supper and then they sat in the swing on the front porch and talked and then they went to bed and (it was on a Saturday night) so the next day was Sunday and so Grandma and them said, "Now we're goin' to church."

There was a little log cabin right over by where the court house is and they had a rock jail that they built in 1885 just to keep those desperados in. They'd hanged one man in this part of the country for doin' a lot of mean things and so then when they built the jail they put a gallows on top to hang people by but the gallows never was used because they never did hang anybody else. Then on the other side of the square there was a tabernacle where they had church and so they went over there. You see, Papa had stayed all night because that's the way they did back then. He had ridden over from Cleburne and had stopped and they just told him to come on in and have coffee and then he spent the night. They didn't ask what he was doin' there; he was just a young fella comin' through the country, but after he spent the night, Uncle John had asked him to go to church with them and he went, you see. He didn't know. He was tryin' to find Mama, and then he decided that Mama didn't live there. He knew it was the place 'cause he remembered passin' it but he thought maybe Mama was just visitin' there but he couldn't ask so he didn't ask, so anyway they came over to the church. Well, they was just sittin' there at the church and after a while this red-headed girl came in with another girl; she had spent the night with a friend and was goin' to meet Grandma and Grandpa and them at the church and go home with them. So Papa said he looked up and there that red-headed girl with another girl was a-comin' in and he knew that's who it was. She came right

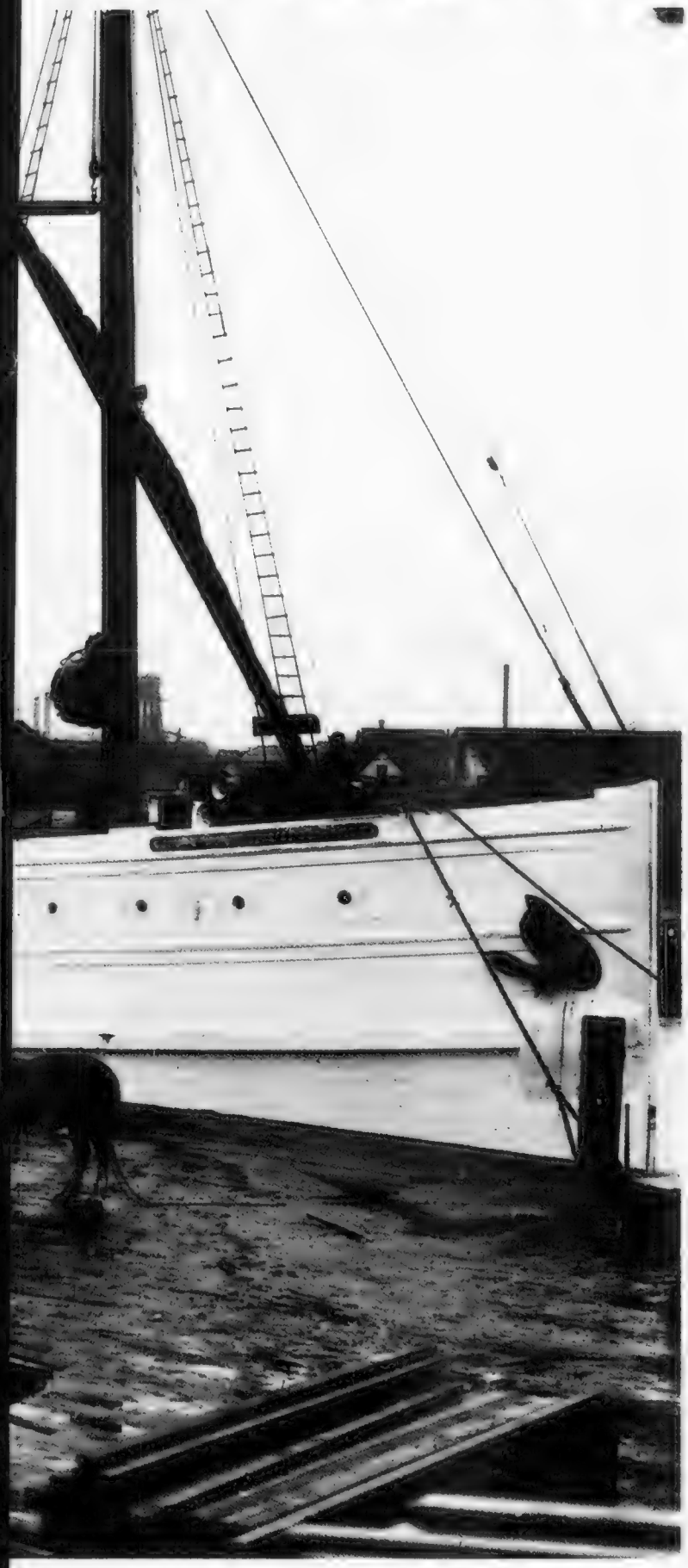
Continued on page 59

SHIPS AND TIMBER

Pioneer Days in the Logging Camps and Mill Towns of Grays Harbor, Washington

LOADING LUMBER ON THE STEAM SCHOONERS SANTA BARBARA AND SANTA MONICA IN ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON, CIRCA 1910

by Robert A. Weinstein



as photographed by Charles R. Pratsch

FLANKED by the Strait of Juan de Fuca one hundred miles to the north and the great Columbia River forty miles to the south, Grays Harbor, Washington, provides the Washington coast with one of its few natural harbors. Settlers arriving in this wilderness during the latter half of the nineteenth century found a land of lush growth and awesome beauty. The color scheme of the region was then, and is yet, gray and green. Its chief green glories were mammoth trees—fir, spruce, hemlock, and cedar—lining the horizon in all directions. Its gray miseries were heavy clouds hanging in leaden skies; Grays Harbor experiences more than one hundred inches of rainfall per year.

Sixteen miles long from its head to its ocean mouth and twelve miles across at its widest point, the harbor offered many advantages to settlers and industry. By 1900, several towns lined its shores—including Hoquiam and Aberdeen on the north and Westport and Cosmopolis on the south—and Grays Harbor had become an important seaport and a major Northwest center for logging, lumber, and shipbuilding.

CHARLES R. PRATSCH

Dreams of wealth for certain heavy investors on Grays Harbor were well realized, but to many pioneers—the homesteaders, small businessmen, loggers, mill hands, sailors, and fishermen—rewards were often meager and earned at the expense of great labor. To a large extent, the lands on which they lived and worked were controlled by powerful financial syndicates and corporations. From its first development until well into the early 1900s, the Grays Harbor region could be described as a huge, profitably run company town.

Charles Robert Pratsch (1857–1937), a part-time photographer and son of a pioneer Aberdeen hotel owner, photographed Grays Harbor people, places, and events over a period of nearly thirty years. His eloquent images, apparently made more for his own enjoyment than for profit, provide a magnificent window into the life in the harbor's infant communities. A selection of views from his glass-plate negatives, now preserved in the Washington State University Library, is presented on the following pages. **AW**

Robert A. Weinstein *is a specialist in maritime and photographic history. He is the author of* Tall Ships on Puget Sound: The Marine Photographs of Wilhelm Hester *and coauthor of* Collection, Use, and Care of Historical Photographs.

This portfolio is based on material in Robert A. Weinstein's Grays Harbor: 1885–1913, *just published in hardcover by the Viking Press, New York, and in paperback by Penguin Books, New York.* *Copyright © 1978 by Robert A. Weinstein.*

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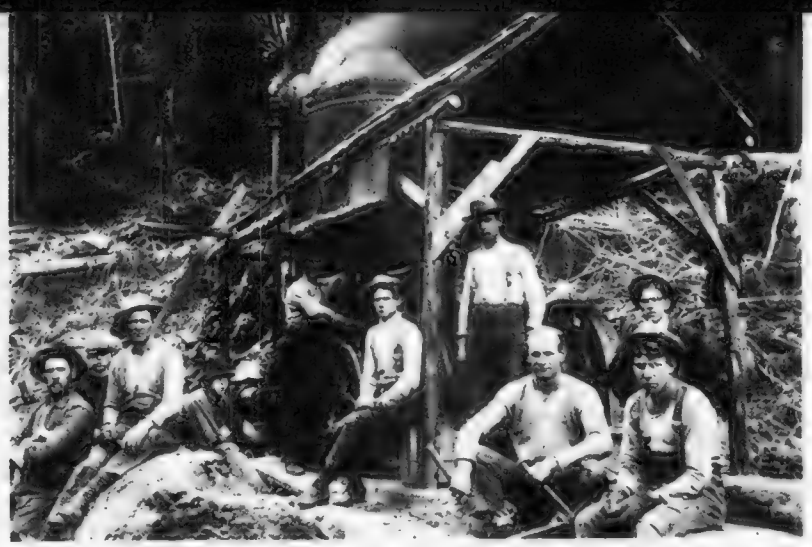
The Dark Woods



GRAYS HARBOR COUNTRY was the lumberman's virtual heaven. The endless forests were dark, dense, and valuable, holding the greatest stands of Douglas fir in the Pacific Northwest. A particularly famous tract of timber, a six-mile-square area locally known as 21-9, was so heavily wooded that it was logged continually for more than thirty years. In 1900 in the Aberdeen area alone, there were more than fifty billion feet of merchantable timber standing on eighty thousand acres of river-bottom land.

Opposite: Dressed in logger's "tin pants" (hard-wearing denims), caulked shoes, and sweaty B.V.D.s, several teams of timber fallers interrupt their work for the photographer. With undercut cleanly chopped out and sawing nearly completed, only a few inches of heartwood await the bite of the "misery whip" before this centuries-old Douglas fir topples to earth.

Above: The Clark and Mills crew of choppers, buckers, and choker setters pose for Charles Pratsch's friend, woods photographer Colin McKenzie. Bark has been stripped from the log to ease its ox-drawn journey along the crude skid road.
Top: With the introduction of the steam donkey, logging technology—and production—took a great leap forward.

Mills and Mill Towns

GRAYS HARBOR'S JEWEL, its manufacturing and shipping center, was Aberdeen, located sixteen miles from the sea at the junction of the Wishkah and Chehalis rivers. Established during the mid-1880s, the town grew apace with the region's timber industry. By 1900 Aberdeen boasted six sawmills, two shingle mills, one stave factory, one cooperage, and two shipyards. The mills' daily output totaled a remarkable 450,000 board feet of lumber. But even this record was exceeded in nearby Cosmopolis, Pope and Talbot's infamous company-owned mill town, where the hard-driving sawmills turned out some 600,000 board feet per day.

Opposite: Aberdeen grew without much planning, wandering from river's edge up and over the low hills to the north and west. Piled in profusion here on docks for shipment to distant markets, sawn lumber symbolizes the town's ongoing prosperity.
Below: Aground on the mudflats at low tide, booms full of logs wait to be dragged up the ramps of a Grays Harbor sawmill. Wreathed in clouds of smoke and steam by day, and resembling infernos by night, the mills existed in a cacophony of noise: groaning steam engines, howling saw blades, hoarse steam whistles, and hawking gulls.

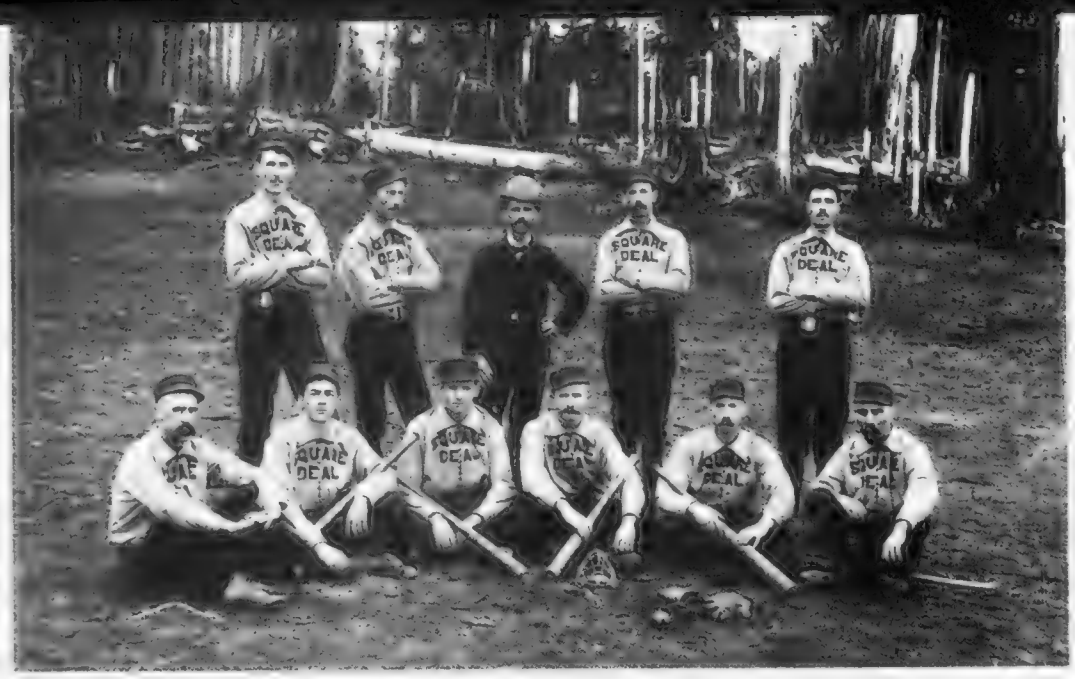
The Wild Side

ABERDEEN'S monthly payroll averaged $100,000, and ample palaces of pleasure were provided for its workers to spend it in. Few seaports of the world were without their "hell street," and in Aberdeen it bordered the west bank of the Wishkah River. The "Line," as the narrow dirt street was called, housed a long row of tawdry saloons, brothels, sailors' outfitting stores, cheap tailor shops, squalid boarding houses, shipping offices, and the local headquarters of the Sailors Union of the Pacific.

Top: On Aberdeen's Barbary Coast, some men sinned in grimy splendor while others profited handsomely. Quiet by day, lurid by night, this grubby street was a sailors' and loggers' paradise on earth.

Above: Their tinsel somewhat tarnished in the glare of day, the bartenders, bouncers, and "ladies" of Ed Dolan's Eagle Dance Hall and Casino line up for posterity.
Opposite: Two noted Aberdeenians at a Fourth of July log-bucking contest. The winners: famous shipmaster Matt Peasley on the left, and in the center, holding the saw, notorious Billy Gohl, who was eventually convicted and sent to prison for murder.

Simple Pleasures



THERE WAS MORE to life on Grays Harbor than hard work and coping with the seasonally bitter weather. Parties, and during the summer, picnics, offered diversion for families, friends, and church groups. Outings by river steamer to Westport and the ocean topped all other pleasures. Berrying in the woods was popular, as was clamming on the beaches. Self-made music loomed large in the social life of the area, supporting a number of choral groups, small orchestras, and bands. Overriding all of these pleasures were the joys of fellowship and interdependence with neighbors necessitated by the isolation and harsh environment of early southwestern Washington.

Opposite page, top: Each member of Aberdeen's 1890 Square Deal baseball team, from player to mustachioed manager, bears the town's honor on his shoulders.
Opposite center: Aberdeenians Fred Hewitt, Ernie Phelps, Johnny McCook, and Colin S. McKenzie display the results of a day's fishing.

Opposite bottom: A stellar attraction on the Grays Harbor beaches in 1892 was young Harry Perkins on his high-wheeled bicycle.
Below: Old-soldier members of the Grand Army of the Republic celebrate at their picnic grounds near Westport, aided by the City Band of Aberdeen.

Ships and Timber

THE MARKETS for lumber pouring out of Grays Harbor's sawmills, and for the fish from its canneries, lay mostly to the south in San Francisco, San Pedro, and San Diego, ports easily reached by oceangoing sailing vessels. With abundant materials at their doorstep, it was the most natural thing in the world for the men of Grays Harbor to build their own vessels, and by the late nineteenth century the region supported a vigorous shipbuilding industry. Ultimately, nothing was lacking in Aberdeen or Hoquiam yards to build ships entirely from homesawn lumber, outfit them completely, load them to the waterline with Grays Harbor lumber, and see them off to profitable southbound voyages.

Above: Captain J. J. Weatherwax, an early sawmill owner, built this 384-ton three-mast schooner, named for himself, in Aberdeen in 1890. The launching, a gala civic event, was attended by almost everyone in Aberdeen.
Top: The new four-mast schooner Melrose, *built by Hitchings and Joyce in 1902 at their Hoquiam yard, is towed downriver on her maiden voyage, her fourteen-foot deckload of Grays Harbor prime fir the object of scrutiny by log-boom tenders on the shore.*
Opposite: Aberdeen at its most typical, with mill docks bustling with activity and overcast skies filled with steam and smoke. At the Slade mill dock the steam schooner Newburg *tops off a staggering deckload and fills her fresh water tanks from the barge alongside. Off her bow the newly arrived four-mast schooner* F. M. Slade, *built in Aberdeen in 1900, towers over the scene.*

ABERDEEN

PORTRAIT FOR A WESTERN ALBUM

by Peter Carroll

"I AM ONLY a pitiful old man," he told the Nebraska poet who came to record his story in 1930. At sixty-seven, his eyesight had failed, and his face was cracked with age. He lived near Manderson, South Dakota, on the Pine Ridge Reservation, in a plain one-room log cabin that had weeds growing out of the roof. Soon, he believed, he would join his Grandfathers in the sacred hereafter.

But first the Lakota holy man, Black Elk, had a story to tell—not merely the story of his life, he explained carefully, but "of all life that is holy and is good to tell." It was the story of his people—and of all people—"of us two-leggeds sharing in it with the four leggeds and the wings of the air and all green things." The multitudes of creation, he was sure, were "children of one mother," the sacred earth, "and their father is one Spirit."

So Black Elk began his story by making an offering to the spirit world with the prayers of the sacred pipe. Like other Indian seers, he viewed everyday nature as a "shadow" of a more "real" world, much as the Greek philosopher Plato had suggested that mere mortals could experience only shadows of ultimate reality. Yet Black Elk had transcended the physical limitations of his natural senses, and he had learned to see, as he put it, "in a sacred manner."

Black Elk's special vision had come to him at a young age. He was only four, still too small for the bow and arrows his grandfather had made for him, when he first heard voices calling to him from the clouds. Frightened and bewildered, he kept his vision a secret, preferring to grow and ride and hunt with other boys. But the voices continued to return, and when he was nine he heard: "It is time; now they are calling you."

In a trance that lasted twelve days, Black Elk was summoned by the Six Grandfathers of the world and shown a symbolic vision of his life and the history of his people. It was a confusing spectacle for the young boy, full of hardship and suffering and disruption. But the prophetic dream also suggested that Black Elk could use his sacred knowledge to save his people from destruction.

As he told his story to the poet John Neihardt, however, Black Elk was certain that he had failed in his sacred mission. He believed that the holy tree of his people had withered. For Black Elk, the failure of the Lakota nation reflected his personal inability to make better use of the supernatural powers he had been given.

The troubles of the Lakota had begun before Black Elk's birth. As white Americans penetrated the Black Hills in search of gold—"the yellow metal," Black Elk explained, "that they worship and that makes them crazy"—the Lakota joined other nations in defending their traditional lands. They called the invaders *Wasichus,* "the ones who take everything." And they resisted the soldiers who came in advance of permanent settlers. One of Black Elk's first memories was the wounding of his father in the Battle of the Hundred Slain (Fetterman's Fight) in 1866.

Even as a boy, Black Elk shared in the struggle, and he glorified the exploits of his cousin, the great leader Crazy Horse, in destroying Custer in 1876. But he also experienced bitter disappointments, particularly the treacherous murder of Crazy Horse by white soldiers. For a time, Black Elk sought sanctuary in Canada, but severe deprivation forced his return to American jurisdiction.

Placed on a reservation, Black Elk suffered immensely from the disruption of the traditional way of life. "Everything an Indian does is in a circle," he explained, "and everything tries to be round." The vital power of the Lakota came "from the sacred hoop of the nation, and so long as the hoop was unbroken, the people flourished." By contrast, the *Wasichus* forced the defeated tribes to live in "square boxes," where they were separated from the natural cycles of their culture and so lost touch with the sacred powers of the world. "We were penned up and could do nothing," complained Black Elk.

Seeking to understand the power of the *Wasichus,* Black Elk accompanied Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show on a tour of the east coast and Europe. But the journey only exposed him to the competitive ways of industrial society. "They had forgotten that the earth was their mother," he observed. "This could not be better than the old ways of my people."

Black Elk returned to Pine Ridge to find his people in despair. Yet the prophetic preaching of a Paiute named Wovoka, forecasting the destruction of whites and the revitalization of Indians, sustained hopes of ultimate success. Black Elk believed in the power of Wovoka's sacred ghost dance, and he offered his own higher powers to fulfill the sacred vision. The popularity of the ghost dance alarmed the white guardians, however, and they attempted to suppress its celebration. Their efforts culminated in the terrible massacre at Wounded Knee.

"I did not know then how much was ended," Black Elk later lamented. The nation's hoop had finally been broken. "There is no center any longer," he mourned, "and the sacred tree is dead."

But after telling his somber story, Black Elk returned to the sacred Black Hills to offer one final prayer. "It may be that some little root of the sacred tree still lives," he prayed. "Nourish it then, that it may leaf and bloom and fill with singing birds."

The old man clung to that sacred vision until he died at Manderson on August 17, 1950, at age eighty-seven. **AW**

Peter Carroll is the author of Puritanism and the Wilderness *and (with David Noble)* The Free and the Unfree: A New History of the United States.

BLACK ELK AS PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1947 BY JOSEPH EPES BROWN
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

A Victorian Family in Alaska

by

Ted C. Hinckley

JUST HOW IMPORTANT is the impact of childhood? Certainly psychologists and sociologists remain fascinated by its mysteries. "Family history" and the "history of childhood" have recently been identified as "two new fields of historical study." Hardly "new," both subjects were standard topics among the ancients. Evidence? Examine the Old or New Testaments.

Few would disagree, in Biblical times or today, that an individual is largely a product of his childhood. Conversely, the success or failure of a person's children can be used to measure qualities in the parent, the family environment, and the home community. A significant time capsule whose contents provoke such speculations, while providing a portrait of a vanished age, is the turn-of-the-century John G. Brady family of Sitka, Alaska.

Having himself become a New York City street orphan at the ripe age of nine, John Brady was determined that his own children should never suffer such deprivations. Thanks to Rev. Charles Loring Brace's Children's Aid Society, ragamuffin Brady had been "salvaged." That is, in 1859, he had been removed from Gotham's harsh environment and sent west to benefit from a more wholesome childhood in central Indiana. There in an upper middle-class Hoosier home within a rural world, the Irish street arab became an agrarian-minded WASP. So total was his transformation that his stepfather, Judge John Green, proudly bestowed upon Johnny his own surname as a middle name.

Unfulfilled in Indiana, John Green Brady returned east and entered Yale, to his stepfather's regret. With a Yale degree in hand and his Calvinist conscience agitating him, Brady heard the call to enter the ministry. New York's Union Theological Seminary admitted him in 1875. After three years of study, prayer, and labor among Manhattan's poor, Rev. John Brady began his Alaskan ministry. He dreamed not so much of saving pagan souls as erecting at Sitka an industrial school for native youths. Unfortunately, the Presbyterian church's resources could not match his ambition; furthermore, a mercantile calling soon proved more attractive than a pastorate.

Once the famous Presbyterian church organizer, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, threw his support behind businessman Brady, Alaska's Indians got their industrial school. Modeled after other institutions serving America's "colored youth" —Hampton, Tuskegee, and Carlisle—the Sitka Industrial School remains vigorous today as Sheldon Jackson College.

Civic duty as Sitka's justice of the peace and part ownership of a local newspaper familiarized Brady with territorial politics. In 1897, the same year that "KLONDIKE!" exploded across American headlines, Judge Brady, now a successful lumberman, won President William McKinley's appointment as Alaska's fifth territorial governor. Twice reappointed by President Theodore Roosevelt, his governorship lasted for nine years. During that period, from 1897 to 1906, Governor Brady and his capable wife, Elizabeth, created and nurtured a most handsome family at Sitka, Alaska. In truth, it was during these years that the Bradys

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Sitka's magnificent scenery and polyglot culture provided a unique backdrop for the Brady family's Victorian lifestyle.

profoundly revealed the depth of their commitment to those Victorian virtues of perspiration, proficiency, and piety.

John and Elizabeth Brady knew they had gambled—marriages will forever have their winners and losers. Circumstance, sacrifice, and even sentiment may or may not improve the odds for a successful marriage. Fortunately in Elizabeth Patton, John had gained a remarkably competent and adaptable partner. Despite the infinite variables each new baby introduced into their marriage, happiness in abundance blossomed from their 1887 gamble. After losing their first-born, fate smiled. Between 1889 and 1896, Elizabeth gave birth to three sons and two daughters. All grew to be "a joyful blessing." First as robust, vivacious children, and afterward as creative young men and women, the Brady's progeny seemed to validate a "Christian upbringing."

Until 1906, when John Brady resigned his governorship and the family left Alaska, Sitka was the Brady family's hometown. The capital of America's prodigious, far-flung District of Alaska, Sitka boasted a resident white population of approximately one thousand persons. The town's adjacent Tlingit Indians probably exceeded that number.

In his ground-breaking study of American home life for these turn-of-the-century years, social historian Arthur W. Calhoun identified a number of paramount shifts. His conclusions certainly apply to the Brady household. Calhoun found "a decline in paternal supremacy and a tendency to emancipate the family." To John and Elizabeth, the full maturity of each child's individual identity became a cardinal aim. "Woman has gained economic opportunity outside of marriage," noted Calhoun. In 1900 this was a rather radical opinion, societal reality notwithstanding. Yet Elizabeth and her two sisters, as well as her daughters, attested to this quiet revolution. Neither the direct nor indirect support of a man ever became the quintessence of feminine fulfillment for the distaff side of the Brady home. Well in advance of his male peers, John cheered such independence. Calhoun also discerned a surprising "elevation of childhood" and an "increased attention to the technique of child care." Schoolmarm Brady and her well-educated husband would secure for their offspring the finest education that parental sacrifice and money could possibly obtain. Finally, social historian Calhoun recognized the impact of travel technology on the home. "Men are increasingly absent . . . as commercial travelers," he wrote. And, indeed, it was true. Both the demands of business and public office often left Elizabeth in charge of their Sitka home. Satchahnee, John affectionately named it—his interpretation of the Tlingit word meaning "place on a hill." There was not much of a hill, but Satchahnee's location on a ridge west of the native village afforded a majestic vista of Sitka's harbor and the ocean beyond.

Exactly what child-care literature caught the Bradys' attention can only be guessed. Fortuitously, their expanding parental responsibilities were matched during the nineties by a virtual explosion of books, manuals, and journals on child raising. It is a safe assumption that given their avid

BOTH PAGES: JOHN G. BRADY COLLECTION, BEINECKE RARE BOOK AND MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

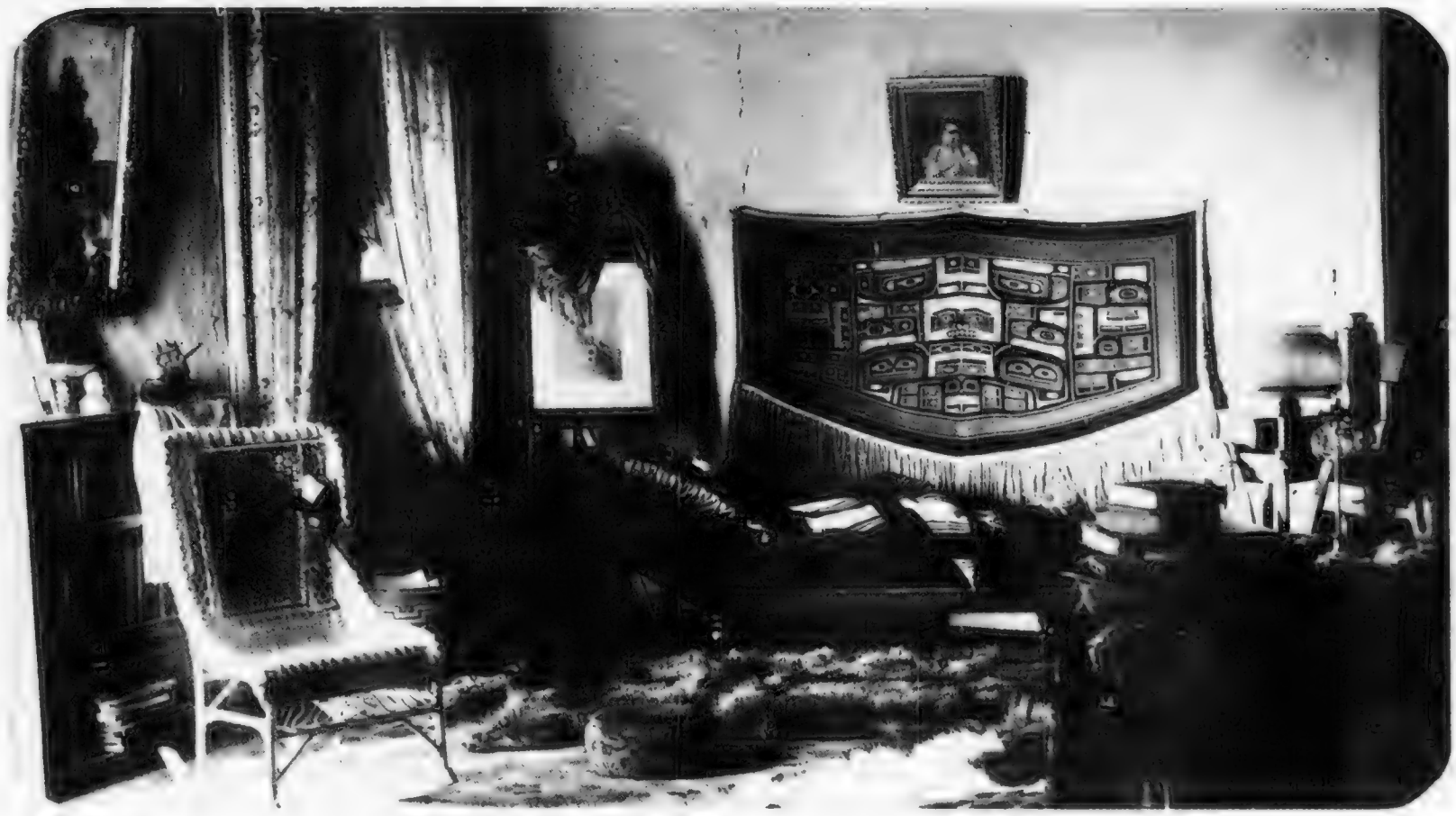
Plain living and high thinking did not stifle childhood's joys for the Brady children, shown above in their garden.

penchant for reading, they spent many thoughtful hours perusing the opinions of contemporary pedagogical theorists. And what a profusion of progressive educators appeared: G. Stanley Hall, E. L. Thorndike, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, W. B. Drummon, and John Dewey, to name but a few.

Quite likely John Brady also read Jacob Riis's depressing 1892 book, *The Children of the Poor,* with its grim vignettes paralleling his own boyhood. Yet for all his wretched Manhattan childhood, Governor Brady rarely seems to have emphasized a harsh Old Testament God to his children. Educational and church publications trumpeting man's essential goodness reinforced Brady's decision to sketch a benevolent heavenly Father to his family. Presbyterians might be among the slowest in abandoning the doctrine of infant depravity, but the sanguine, secularly redemptive opinions increasingly in vogue screened out any horror of old-fashioned damnation and hellfire. Unquestionably for most middle-class Americans, it was an age of evolutionary confidence.

BRADY'S SONS AND DAUGHTERS rested in the conviction that two loving fathers resided at Satchahnee, one terrestrial, the other celestial. The latter's omnipotent love was assumed. Equally indisputable was the abounding affection of their earthly father. The governor's children adored him, and he them. Brady's puckish good humor, his ceaseless little acts of affection, and a gentle deference for their auburn-haired mother—a surfeit of childhood memories attest to his sympathetic paternal role. Daughters Elizabeth and Mary never forgot his patience at their childish follies nor his skill in keeping them "always busy doing something." To his oldest son, John Green, the governor urged a credo, "Be thankful and beg or ask continuously for the Almighty to furnish fulfillment of your wishes." On his thirteenth birthday, son Hugh Picken was surprised to discover that unlike his brothers, he had "never received a licking for misbehavior." Thereafter, "I made every effort to protect the record even though John and Sheldon tried hard to compromise me." This capacity to jostle one another, to ventilate pressures before they became serious, was only one of a number of safety valves that usually checked serious domestic discord. That such drollery also magnified their mutual understanding was patent.

One time the governor joined that legion of fathers who impulsively bring home a wiggling dog to their children and then afterward silently curse themselves for having introduced the pest. All too quickly Flop produced puppies. Strangely, neither this bull terrier nor the bitch's progeny were appreciated by the family cats! More alarming were the teeth marks Flop soon registered on neighbors' posteriors. Finally, and much to the children's astonishment, their mother exploded with an oath. "Mr. Brady, those damn dogs have to go!" Go they did, Flop and her three pups. The next time the governor departed for an



The Brady's Sitka home, like their lives, successfully combined Victorianism with the indigenous offerings of Alaska.

Archipelago inspection tour, the controversial canines accompanied him aboard the revenue cutter. He returned without them. "Mother asked him what he had done with the dogs. 'Well,' he said, 'you know we got over to Killisnoo. I met Jim Blaine over there. You know he's owed me about twenty dollars for years. I gave him the dogs.'"

Father Brady was "frequently all bark and no bite" when it came to corporal punishment. In fact, Mother Brady commonly served as the family's judge, jury, and jailor. Clearly the three boys had good reason for never forgetting that "Mother was a strict disciplinarian": it was Elizabeth who usually did the whipping. Typically, the oldest child received more than his share. One time when son John's conduct had been particularly rash, Elizabeth angrily informed his father, "Mr. Brady, you will have to punish John." Possibly it had been an infuriating day for the governor. Whatever, John was promptly led upstairs. Moments later horrible howls rang throughout Satchahnee. John's caterwauling completely unnerved Aunt Cassia. She fled the house shrieking that her brother-in-law was killing her nephew. Cassia's anguish was convincing. Grandfather Patton grabbed a hatchet and rushed up the stairs. Unable to open the door, he took a swing at it. The whipping abruptly stopped. Thereafter the split door served to remind sons John, Sheldon, and Hugh that "violence did begat violence," as their father put it.

In business and in politics, Governor Brady and his lady perfected a smooth-functioning partnership, and so it was in raising their family. All of the children later attested to their parents' teamwork as well as to their forceful personalities. Son John's memory of his mother was that she was "a healthy and strong woman. Although not stocky like father the delivery of five children inevitably added to her portliness. She had a sweet face but it could cloud up fast when angry. A foot tapping usually preceded the squall. She never thundered, but her lightning shafts got action or inaction fast. My parents rarely argued. Father was not above kidding her but the play was usually announced by 'Bess' this or that, or, if he felt particularly fresh, 'Jane' this or that." Elizabeth Jane Patton matched him tit for tat, but at least in front of the children it was always "Mr. Brady."

On filial matters John and Elizabeth usually concurred, especially when it came to their offsprings' education. All of their youngsters began their education in Sitka's public elementary school. John, the oldest, started in 1895, with his brothers and sisters following in his steps as age afforded them admission. After 1906, when the family moved east, the children continued their secondary education in the Brookline, Massachusetts, public schools. Determined that his sons should have every advantage denied him, Brady made certain that all three were prepared for college at the distinguished Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. Hugh and Sheldon graduated from Yale, Mary from Vassar, Elizabeth from Simmons, and although admitted to Princeton, World War I service detoured John from a higher education. But for all of them, it was the

JOHN G. BRADY COLLECTION, BEINECKE RARE BOOK AND MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

Holiday festivities, like the Fourth of July baseball game pictured above, were ardently enjoyed in remote Sitka.

happy-go-lucky Sitka years prior to 1906 that supplied the governor's merry band with an enviable foundation for life.

The proportions of the capital's clapboard, whitewashed schoolhouse differed only slightly from the quarters once supervised by ex-Hoosier schoolmaster Brady. Nor could Sitka's educational edifice boast any more elaborate furnishings. Albeit, deficiencies suffered within this spartan temple of learning were overwhelmingly compensated for by the environmental gestalt. Everywhere about Sitka were the magnificent reaches of its mountain-maritime panoramas, while immediately at hand was the capital's polyglot populace, a society like none other under the Stars and Stripes. To grow up in Sitka was a liberating experience impossible to measure. In truth, what the governor's offspring acquired was an incomparable education.

For all its uniqueness, Sitka's attitude toward its juveniles reflected the conventional nineteenth-century American small-town ethic. Between the local school, the community's churches, and the mainstreet merchants, there existed a tacit conspiracy. "Bad boys" were quickly identified, as were the "good," and when the benign might on occasion slip and fall into the negative column, an accounting at home quickly followed. Being "one of the governor's kids" posed no serious encumbrance. On occasion it probably abetted restraint, particularly when one was tempted to unfasten a boat line from a dock cleat, run up a neighbor's gate on the municipal flagpole, or bedevil one or more of the pestiferous Indian dogs that roamed the town. More restrictive than wearing the governor's livery may have been the periodic teaching stints of their mother and two aunts (Elizabeth Brady's sisters) at the local public school. Once all her children were enrolled, Elizabeth allocated a generous proportion of her discretionary time to aiding both the Indian and white schools; she also felt duty bound to commence a maternity hospital for native women. The passage of years confirmed how prescient was Elizabeth's desire to be an active professional woman. She represented what historian James R. McGovern has described as "the great leap forward in women's participation in economic life [which] came between 1900 and 1910."

If a Satchahnee wall exhibited a sampler framing the homily, "A child's education begins at home," it was a verity. Family oral readings, protracted supper-table conversations, and unabashed interrogations of domestic visitors —Mother and Father Brady enlivened themselves as they excited their children's imaginations. Governor Brady never revealed his Irish ancestry with more effect than in his delight in telling stories. Few appeals were required to extract a tale of leprechauns, life on the sidewalks of New York City, or a reading of some favorite children's story. Daughter Elizabeth recalled how her father's whiskers would wiggle in the middle just prior to his recital of a naughty joke, and how "Mother would try to head him off."

The turn-of-the-century decades are now spotlighted as a golden age of children's books. Robert Louis Stevenson's

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, SEATTLE

During Sitka's brief, beautiful summer, its residents engaged in such alfresco pleasures as dancing on the green.

Treasure Island, L. Frank Baum's Oz stories, the animal tales of Beatrix Potter, Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*—all offered a masterful fantasy encounter with the world. Strikingly illustrated volumes by Howard Pyle, and Palmer Cox's infinitely fascinating creation, *The Brownies,* captured even languid readers. Instead of the flashing muddle of a TV screen, Satchahnee's books repeatedly entertained as phrases took form and literary meanings were enlarged. With each reading, words and images fused into fresh symbolic conjectures.

Sitka's habitual rain deserves some credit for inculcating a family-wide reading habit, as did John Brady's "look it up!" response to questions from his children. A six-volume encyclopedia, a *Century Atlas,* and a large globe and dictionary, the latter two mounted on separate stands, plus a follow-up inquiry by the governor, insured that the interrogator would secure an answer. Subscriptions to *Forward* and *Sunbeam* magazines delighted daughters Mary and Betty, and *St. Nicholas* and *Youth's Companion* the boys. Sunday School publications helped implant Christian values, as did Sunday parental oral readings from the Bible, sometimes supplemented by John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.* Week-night parlor readings were eclectic enough. Once the governor returned from a Washington, D.C., trip with two boxes of materials picked up at the dead-letter office. To the boys' sorrow, their mother confiscated a large bundle of Nick Carter stories; otherwise they all had a good time perusing the human comedy dug out of the boxes.

These youngsters may well have been reared in the best of two worlds. Early nineteenth-century school books had concentrated on training "citizens in character and proper principles . . . love of country, love of God, duty to parents, the necessity to develop habits of thrift, honesty and hard work in order to accumulate property, the certainty of progress, the perfection of the United States." Today it would all be viewed as "too simplistic." By 1900, Victorian "moralistic education" was on the decline. A dawning progressive education emphasized "democratic schools whose curriculum was a preparation for life," which if it meant nothing else resulted in a refreshing liberalization. Children's "freedom of expression" was in ascendance.

FOR GOVERNOR BRADY, too many months of each year had to be spent on the East Coast lobbying and politicking for Alaska. His steady correspondence with Satchahnee confirms his devotion to its lively occupants:

My Dear Hugh

I hope that you are continuing to do well [in] your studies. I believe that you could soon learn to use the typewriter. It seems a little like trying to learn music. How are you getting on in this study?

My Dear Sheldon

Do you love the water as well [as] your ducks? How

Continued on page 60

The Stark Museum of Art, Orange, Texas

A New Museum for the American West

"SPECTATORS AT WINTER CEREMONIAL, TAOS PUEBLO" BY B. G. PHILLIPS

by Julie Schimmel

The Birds & Beasts will teach thee!
Admit the Bearer to Peale's Museum,
containing the Wonderful works of
NATURE and Curious Works of ART.

This early-nineteenth-century advertisement for the Philadelphia museum of artist Charles Wilson Peale suggests the spirit of a new museum in Orange, Texas, which opened its doors to the public for the first time on November 29, 1978.

Housing a diverse collection primarily gathered since the 1940s by H. J. Lutcher Stark, but also including material collected by his mother, Miriam Lutcher Stark, the museum's principal holdings include nineteenth- and twentieth-century western American art and Americana; American Indian objects—rugs, blankets, baskets, pottery, jewelry, and clothing; Steuben glass; and porcelains by Dorothy Doughty and Edward M. Boehm. The painting collection also includes nineteenth-century nonwestern American paintings; sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish works; and eighteenth-century English and Italian paintings. The print collection consists primarily of works by John James Audubon, John Woodhouse Audubon, John Gould, and Alexander Wilson. The new museum also has ancient art, including glassware, jewelry, floor mosiacs, and metalware from Egypt, Greece, Italy, and the Near East; as well as nineteenth-century Russian and Armenian metalwork.

The Stark collection was begun by Miriam Lutcher Stark, who came to Orange, Texas, from Pennsylvania in the late 1870s and in 1881 married William H. Stark, her father's employee at the Lutcher and Moore Lumber Company. She began to collect in the 1890s, and by the time of her death in 1936 had amassed porcelains, laces, tapestries, rugs, furniture, and some two hundred paintings.

Miriam Stark's son, H. J. Lutcher Stark, carried on the family's collecting tradition. Though a businessman and philanthropist, he was above all a natural historian. His enthusiasm for nature focused particularly on the wildlife and vegetation of Texas and the West, but extended to art, particularly works which represented the wildlife and natural landscapes he knew firsthand. While still an undergraduate at the University of Texas, he began to purchase works by Texas artists, and in the late twenties and early thirties he also began to buy New Mexican Indian objects, including pots from Maria Martinez of San Ildefonso Pueblo.

In 1943 Stark and Nelda Childers married, and together they continued to build the collection of western art that he had begun, particularly with the work of Taos artist William H. Dunton. From 1944 to 1962 they traveled north each year to their ranch in Colorado, stopping in Santa Fe and Taos to meet with artists. The purchases made on these trips, as well as the paintings acquired during winter visits that artists made to Orange, form a collection that strongly represents the Taos Society of Artists as well as the other painters and sculptors who were drawn to New Mexico by this group.

In the 1950s, the Starks acquired an extremely rare five-volume set of John J. Audubon's *Birds of America.* This set, in addition to first-edition copies of all John James and John Woodhouse Audubon publications, and approximately ninety letters from both these men and the latter's daughters, form a unique portion of the collection.

During the same decade, the Starks began to collect porcelain birds and flowers by Dorothy Doughty and Edward M. Boehm, as well as Steuben glass depicting wildlife and western subjects.

When Stark died in 1965, he left a collection rich in paintings, sculptures, rare books, letters, and manuscripts. Both Miriam Lutcher Stark earlier in the century, and Stark later on, had envisioned a museum in Orange, Texas. It was Nelda Childers Stark who fulfilled the Stark family's dream when in the early 1970s she commissioned construction of a suitable home for the legacy. Completed on July 25, 1976, the Stark Museum is a contemporary two-story marble building providing 58,000 square feet of space with 30,000 of that for exhibitions and visitors' services.

In conjunction with its opening, the museum has issued three catalogues of its holdings, including *Stark Museum of Art: The Western Collection 1978*, from which the paintings in this portfolio have been selected. **AW**

Julie Schimmel *is curator of collections at the Stark Museum of Art. She was formerly at the National Collection of Fine Arts under a Smithsonian fellowship and is currently pursuing her doctorate at the Institute of Fine Arts at New York University.*

PHOTOGRAPHS ACCOMPANYING THIS ARTICLE REPRODUCED COURTESY OF THE STARK MUSEUM OF ART, ORANGE, TEXAS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ALLISON AND FRANK CRICCHIO

Early Western Artists

"LASSOING WILD HORSES" BY ALFRED JACOB MILLER
OIL ON CANVAS

The Stark Museum's western collection includes the works of many early artists who recorded scenes of Indian life and painted the western landscape before white civilization left its fatal mark. The Stark family's last major purchase was a group of 229 works by artist-explorer Paul Kane, who traveled to the Pacific Northwest in the 1840s. Other early artists represented in the museum's collection include Alfred Jacob Miller, John James Audubon, Seth Eastman, George Catlin, John Mix Stanley, Albert Bierstadt, and Thomas Moran. Later artists of the vanishing West like Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell are also represented.

"AWBONWAISHKUM, OTTAWA CHIEF FROM MANITOWANING" BY PAUL KANE, 1845
OIL ON PAPER

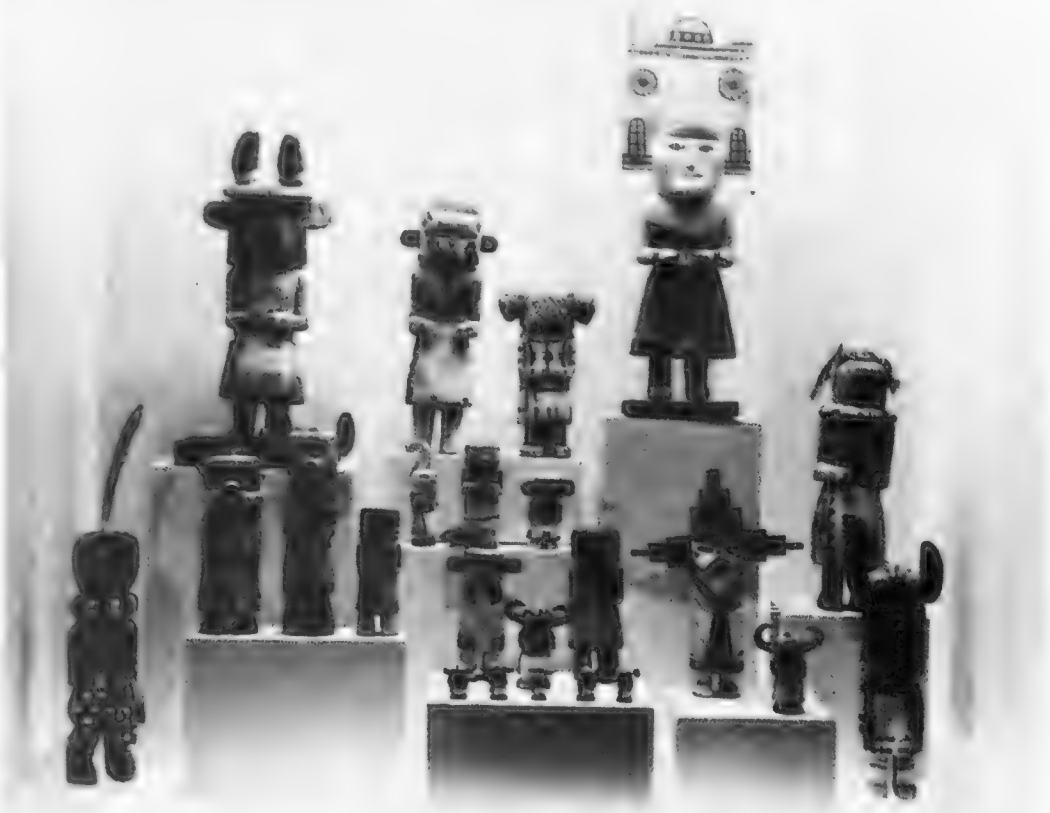
"THE MIRAGE" BY THOMAS MORAN, 1879
OIL ON CANVAS

FREDERIC REMINGTON BRONZES INCLUDE (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) "TROOPER OF THE PLAINS," "BRONCO BUSTER," AND "THE STAMPEDE"

"WILD TURKEY, MALE" BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON
ENGRAVING WITH AQUATINT

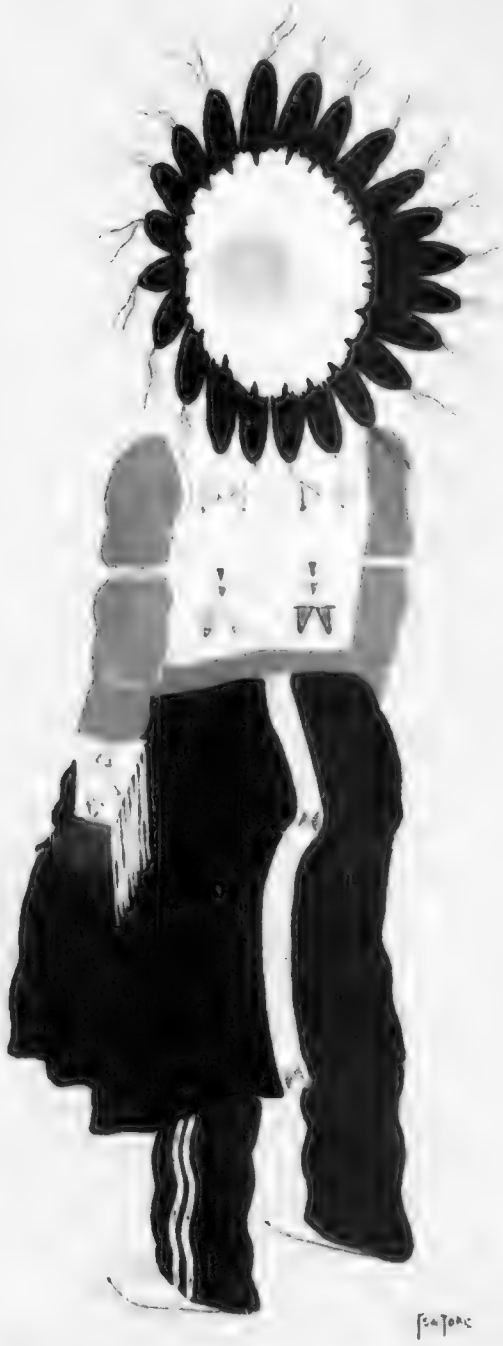
Native American Art

The American Indian collection of the Stark Museum focuses on the creative achievements of tribes west of the Mississippi with particular attention given the cultures of the Great Plains and Southwest. The collection includes excellent examples of Plains clothing, body ornaments, and beadwork; baskets from major basket-producing cultures in the West; Pueblo pottery, including blackware by the celebrated San Ildefonso Pueblo potter Maria Martinez; Hopi and Zuni kachina dolls; and an outstanding group of Navajo blankets and rugs.



HOPI KACHINA DOLLS FROM ARIZONA, CIRCA 1900–1940

PAD SADDLE FROM NORTH DAKOTA, CIRCA 1890



"ARAPAHO" BY MONROE TSATOKE (KIOWA), 1929
TEMPERA ON PAPER

AN ASSORTMENT OF INDIAN BASKETS FROM THE SOUTHWEST AND PACIFIC NORTHWEST COAST

ZIA PUEBLO WATER JARS FROM NEW MEXICO, CIRCA 1880 (LEFT CASE); POLISHED BLACKWARE AND REDWARE PLATE, JARS, BOWLS, AND VASE (RIGHT CASE)

"HOPI FLUTE DANCERS" BY EANGER IRVING COUSE
OIL ON CANVAS

Artists of Taos and Santa Fe

From 1944 to 1962, H. J. Lutcher Stark traveled yearly to the Taos/Santa Fe region, where he acquired an extensive group of paintings by William H. Dunton (see cover) and other artists. These painters, attracted by the clear light, spectacular landscapes, and rich Indian culture, had begun to settle there in the early twentieth century, finding in the region, "all in beauty of color, vigorous form, everchanging light," as Ernest Blumenschein put it. Among those represented in the Stark collection are Blumenschein, Joseph Henry Sharp, Bert Greer Phillips, Oscar Edmund Berninghaus, Eanger Irving Couse, William Victor Higgins, Ernest Martin Hennings, John Young-Hunter, Walter Ufer, Nicolai Fechin, Leon Gaspard, and Santa Fe painter Fremont F. Ellis.

"BIG TREE" BY WILLIAM VICTOR HIGGINS
OIL ON CANVAS

"IDLERS" BY ERNEST MARTIN HENNINGS
OIL ON CANVAS

"CHRISTMAS EVE PROCESSION LEAVING THE CHURCH" BY JOHN YOUNG-HUNTER
OIL ON CANVAS

"THE COWPUNCHERS" BY WILLIAM HERBERT DUNTON
OIL ON CANVAS

WESTERN HISTORY TODAY

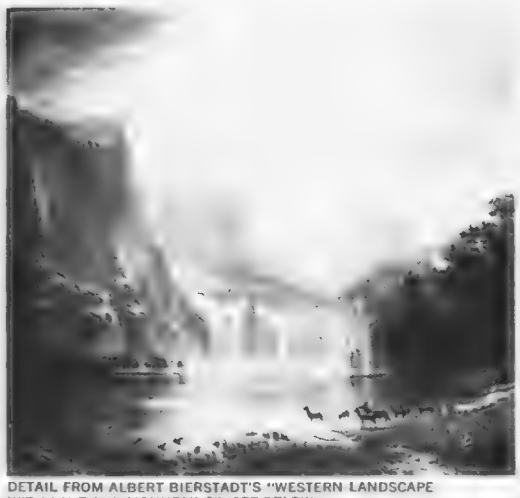
The National Parks and Recreation Act of 1978, recently signed into law by President Carter, has added seven new historic areas to the National Park system. Three are in the West: Fort Scott National Historic Site, a nineteenth-century frontier army post located in modern-day **Fort Scott, Kansas;** Palo Alto Battlefield National Historic Site, located in an area north of **Brownsville, Texas,** where one of the two important battles fought on American soil during the Mexican-American War took place; and Kaloko-Honokohau National Historic Park, an important site of native Hawaiian culture on the west coast of the island of **Hawaii.**

In the same bill, two park areas were raised to "national park" status—Theodore Roosevelt National Memorial Park in North Dakota and Badlands National Monument, in South Dakota—bringing the total number of national parks to thirty-nine.

The Taylor Museum of the **Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center** is featuring two exhibits, "**Southwest Indian Art:** A Study of Styles" and "End of a Tradition—**Southwestern Santos** of the Late 19th Century," through January. On display in the *santos* exhibit is a replica of a Penitente *morada.*

Leland Stanford's Victorian-style mansion in **Sacramento, California,** has become part of the state's historic parks system. As governor, senator, and railroad entrepreneur, Stanford lived in the house for many years, and much of the planning for the western leg of the transcontinental railroad was done there. The $1.3 million acquisition rounds out Sacramento's historic parks system, which includes the old Capitol, Old Sacramento, Sutter's Fort, and the old Governor's Mansion.

One hundred **Indian portraits by early Omaha photographer F. A. Rinehart** (1861–1929) will be on view at the **Western Heritage Museum,** Omaha, Nebraska, through mid-January. The photographs, originally commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution, depict the Indian chiefs who attended the Indian Congress held during Omaha's 1898 Trans-Mississippi Exposition. More than five hundred Indians were present, including Geronimo, who was brought under guard from Fort Sill, Oklahoma.



DETAIL FROM ALBERT BIERSTADT'S "WESTERN LANDSCAPE WITH LAKE AND MOUNTAINS" (SEE BELOW)

A six-by-ten-foot oil painting by nineteenth-century landscape painter **Albert Bierstadt** has been donated to the **National Collection of Fine Arts** of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. Originally titled "Dream Lake, Estes Park, Colorado," the oil has been renamed "Western Landscape with Lake and Mountains" because it is now believed that the painting actually depicts the Sierra Nevada and not the Rockies. The grandiose painting, done in Bierstadt's typically dramatic style, includes snow-clad peaks, massive clouds, a waterfall, lake reflections, deer, and even fish in the shallows near the shore. The painting has been installed near two smaller Bierstadts in the museum's landscape gallery.

Prints by artists of Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek, and Seminole heritage will be on view through February 9 at the **Five Civilized Tribes Museum, Muskogee, Oklahoma.**

Sacajawea, the Shoshoni woman who played an important role in the Lewis and Clark Expedition, will be honored by a heroic-sized bronze sculpture planned for installation at the **Buffalo Bill Historical Center** in Cody, Wyoming. The bronze, which will have an outdoor setting at the center's soon-to-be-completed Plains Indian Museum, will be the work of Wyoming Artist Harry Jackson and will be based on a 21-inch figure of Sacajawea he completed in 1977.

"Photography and the West," a showing of 150 historic photographs by W. H. Jackson, Timothy O'Sullivan, Edward Curtis and sixteen others will be on view at the **Arkansas Arts Center,** Little Rock, January 7–February 18.

The **Arizona Historical Society** in Tucson has received a matching state grant to begin **archaeological fieldwork** at adobe ruins in the Santa Cruz River Valley that were donated to the society in 1974. Some of the ruins date from the late 1700s and are on the site of a much earlier Pima Indian settlement; others were used in turn as a mission *visita,* cattle ranch, and military post.

A major new exhibit of **nineteenth-century drawings and watercolors of the West** will be on view from January 12 to February 18 in the **Phoenix Art Museum.** In conjunction with the exhibit, the museum will also sponsor a symposium on western art, February 2–4. For further information write Phoenix Art Museum, 1625 North Central Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85004.

The **San Diego Museum of Man** has reorganized its permanent exhibit on the **Kumeyaay Indians** of Southern California. Included are authentic Kumeyaay baskets and a display of their weaving and pottery techniques.

Railway depots throughout the West are being preserved and renovated for new purposes. In **Kansas,** the Clifton Community Historical Society is restoring the town's former Missouri Pacific railroad depot for use as a museum, while in Phillips County, the historical society is restoring a nearly one-hundred-year-old depot they recently had moved from Glade to Phillipsburg.

Farther west, in **Utah,** the Ogden Union Station has been restored as a multipurpose civic center, while in Salt Lake City, the Utah State Historical Society will soon be housed in the 1910 Denver & Rio Grande Railway Depot, originally built at a cost of $750,000 by railwayman George Gould to lure passengers away from the competing Union Pacific line.

Paintings by turn-of-the-century **cowboy artist E. W. Gollings,** who spent much of his career as a ranch hand in Wyoming and Montana, will be shown at the **Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth,** from January 25 to March 4. Also at the Amon Carter from January 25 through September will be **historic photographs** from the museum's permanent collection of over 250,000 images. AW

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MUSEUM SHOP

BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

THE WAY WEST by Peter H. Hassrick. A pictorial survey of the epic story of the opening of America's frontier. 233 illustrations—103 in color, 240 pages, 10 x 13½, Abrams, 1977.

Price $30.00
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THE CHARLES M. RUSSELL BOOK by Dr. Harold McCracken. A comprehensive collection of the work of one of the West's most famous artists and a complete biography of his colorful life. 35 full color illustrations and more than 150 black & white reproductions—10½ x 13½, 236 pages, Doubleday, 1957.

Price $22.50
Postage and handling $2.50

MICHAEL COLEMAN by Wunderlich and Hassrick. Catalog for exhibition at Kennedy Galleries and BBHC. 48 illustrations—9 in color, 8½ x 11, 48 pages, 1978, soft cover.

Price $12.95
Postage and handling .75

JAMES BAMA WESTERN PAINTINGS. Catalog for exhibition at Coe-Kerr Gallery, Inc. and Buffalo Bill Historical Center. 48 pages, 9 x 11, 54 illustrations—9 in color, 1977.

Price $5.00
Postage and handling .75

SIGHTS WEST by Hassrick, Hall, and Frost. Paperback book presenting a selection of guns from the Winchester Museum which exemplify the types of firearms used on the western frontier. 94 pages, 80 illustrations, 8½ x 11, 1976, BBHC. *Sold Out*

Price $5.50
Postage and handling .75

THE ART OF FREDERIC REMINGTON by Dr. Harold McCracken and Don Hedgpeth. Prepared as an exhibition catalog for 1974. Largest collection of Remington's work ever assembled in one location. 156 illustrations—16 in full color, 8½ x 11, 96 pages, paperback, BBHC.

Price $6.00
Postage and handling .75

SPURS WERE-A-JINGLIN' by Don Hedgpeth. An illustrated look at the men, horses, cattle, and country which represent the reality of the cowboy life. Sixty photos of the Wyoming range taken in the early 1900 s by Charles J. Belden (1887-1966). 104 pages, 10 x 8¼, Northland Press, 1975.

Price $8.95
Postage and handling 2.00
Special Reduced Price—was $12.50

CONTEMPORARY WESTERN ARTISTS by Deborah Goppert. Biographical sketches of twelve contemporary artists represented in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art. 28 pages, 8 x 8, 13 illustrations—5 in color, 1978, soft cover, BBHC.

Price $2.50
Postage and handling .75

THE MOUNTAIN MAN, text by William H. Goetzmann. Soft cover book about the fur trade era. 64 pages, 9½ x 8½, 80 illustrations—17 in color, 1978. Visual Books, Inc.

Price $12.95
Postage and handling 1.25

COWBOY by Don Hedgpeth. Prepared as the exhibition catalog for 1975, contemporary and classic art works with cowboy subjects, plus Charles J. Belden photos. 88 pages, 91 illustrations, 8 x 10, paperback. BBHC.

Price $12.95
Postage and handling .75

GEORGE CATLIN AND THE OLD FRONTIER by Dr. Harold McCracken. A biography and picture gallery of the Dean of Indian painters. 36 full-color reproductions—130 in black and white, 216 pages, 9¼ x 12¼, Dutton.

Price $7.95
Postage and handling 2.00

FREDERIC REMINGTON-ARTIST OF THE OLD WEST, by Dr. Harold McCracken. The first comprehensive Remington biography. 157 pages, 80 illustrations—32 in color, 9¼ x 12¼, 1947, J. B. Lippincott Co.

Price $20.00
Postage and handling 2.50

THE WEST OF BUFFALO BILL by McCracken, Hedgpeth, Frost, Platteter. Spectacular volume dealing with the Old West as depicted by the extensive collections at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. 249 illustrations—125 in full color, 288 pages, 10½ x 11½, Abrams, 1974.

Price $19.95
Postage and handling 2.50
Reduced Price—was $35.00

THE MUMMY CAVE PROJECT by Dr. Harold McCracken and others involved with Mummy Cave excavation. Over 600 major artifacts illustrated. 160 pages, 8 x 10¾, 1978, soft cover, BBHC.

Price $5.00
Postage and handling .75

BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, text by John Kings. Soft cover book about the Historical Center and its collections. 64 pages, 155 illustrations—128 in color, 9 x 12, 1977, BBHC.

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A HERITAGE OF THE BLACKFEET by Dr. Harold McCracken and Paul Dyck. The story of the sacred Thunder Medicine Pipe of the Blackfeet people and the ceremony surrounding the annual opening of the pipe bundle. 24 pages, 20 illustrations—3 in color, 8 x 10, 1972, BBHC.

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Dorothea Lange

REVIEWED BY CARL EDWIN MAVES

Dorothea Lange: A Photographer's Life by Milton Meltzer *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, New York, 1978; 415 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $15.00).*
Celebrating a Collection: The Work of Dorothea Lange by Therese Thau Heyman *(Oakland Museum, 1978; 97 pp., illus., biblio., notes, $8.95 paper).*

LOOK AT Dorothea Lange's most famous image—look again, since there's little chance you've never seen it before. *Migrant Mother* has become the acknowledged madonna of the Depression era, an almost overly familiar icon of secular maternal suffering.

And yet, like any great work of art, it retains its freshness. Taken in 1936 near Nipomo, California, it embodies both specific American poverty and timeless human dignity. We know that the burrowing children are frightened, but also that they are safe; for this anonymous woman, however anxiously her hand reaches toward her mouth, is not lost in despair, but in a careworn vision of tomorrow. It will be grim, but she will, somehow, provide.

Dorothea Lange herself shared this strength. Her childhood in Hoboken, New Jersey, where she was born in 1895, was scarred by two traumatic incidents: at the age of seven, an attack of polio left her with a life-long limp, and five years later, her lawyer/father permanently deserted his family.

The scars produced a loner—a girl who played hooky from school to roam the streets of New York. But they also gave her the inner resources to choose, when only eighteen, the career of photography, and to master it as no other woman had done before her.

Milton Meltzer tells the story of that career, and of that mastery, with an amplitude of detail that is always absorbing. His definitive biography indicates that the crucial move of Lange's life was, as so often, westward; in 1918, she came to

San Francisco. There she set up shop as a portrait photographer, met and married the painter Maynard Dixon (twenty years her senior), and bore him two sons.

But it was not enough, though it took the Great Depression to push her out of the house and back into the streets. Appalled by the mass unemployment that ensued, she decided to document it, and on her first day in the field snapped one of her best-known works, the powerful *White Angel Bread Line*. This wasn't just an accident, it was another crucial move —Dorothea Lange had at last found her predestined subject.

Or, in her own words, she had grabbed "a hunk of lightning." Her documentary photos soon came to the attention of Paul Taylor, a Berkeley professor who had been hired by the New Deal's Resettlement Administration to make a thorough study of agricultural migrancy. He asked Lange's help in convincing Washington that drastic measures were needed; her response was enthusiastic, and the results of their collaboration were, and are, historic.

The decade 1935–1945 was the central plateau of Lange's life, and Meltzer rightly devotes nearly half his text to it. On the personal side, she turned forty, divorced Dixon, and married Taylor. Professionally, she traversed the country, using her Graflex and Rolleiflex to capture the uglier realities of the Depression in starkly eloquent terms.

She had, it seems, an uncanny talent for disarming the suspicions of the proud, poor people she photographed, for getting them to forget she was even there. Her depictions of them thus vibrate with a startling, spontaneous truth. These bleak-faced and emaciated sharecroppers, these tenant farmers displaced by drought and replaced by mechanization, live so vividly because so marginally—their struggle against extinction invests them with the heroism of subsistence.

Meltzer reproduces a fascinating array of these photos. *Celebrating a Collection* offers even more of them, which makes it a most convenient supplement to the biography. The collection in question is the vast Lange archive at the Oakland Museum, an archive which will surely continue to yield treasures in years to come.

But the overall picture that Meltzer provides will, just as surely, not change in its essentials. One could wish for a fuller discussion of the relationship between Lange's photos and *The Grapes of Wrath* (both Steinbeck's novel and John Ford's movie), but otherwise the gaps are few.

And Meltzer doesn't, happily, try to gloss over Lange's faults. She was, quite often enough, an intolerable parent and intractable human being. But photojournalism owes her an immense debt, and so does Edward Steichen's renowned "Family of Man" exhibit, while her fight against cancer before her death in 1965 was inspiring and even awesome.

She was a wise woman, too. "The camera is an instrument," Dorothea Lange once said, "that teaches people how to see without a camera." AW

Carl Edwin Maves, *a California-based music and drama critic, is the author of a book on Henry James.*

RECENT WESTERN BOOKS

Kinsey: Photographer produced by Dave Bohn and Rodolfo Petscheck *(Chronicle Books, San Francisco, 1978; 320 pp., illus., notes, biblio., $19.95 paper).*

This beautifully designed large-format book, originally published in a limited edition, presents the extraordinary photographs of Northwest photographer Darius Kinsey, who traveled from one logging camp to another during half a century to produce some of the finest pictures of his era and region.

The Story of the Stolen Valley by Rena Lynn *(L&S Publishing, P.O. Box 628, Willits, CA 95490, 1977; 35 pp., illus., $6.95).*

The violent saga of Round Valley, today a quiet farming and ranching community in Northern California's Mendocino County, is described in this small booklet, which also contains period photographs.

People from Our Side: An Eskimo Life Story in Words and Photographs by Peter Pitseolak and Dorothy Eber *(Indiana University, Bloomington, 1977; 159 pp., illus., map, intro., $17.95 cloth, $12.95 paper).*

Eskimo Peter Pitseolak's life reflects the tremendous changes which transformed life on Baffin Island, near Hudson Bay in Canada, before his death in 1973. Extensive quotations from his diaries and photographs of his extended family convey the flavor of Eskimo life in this century.

Patterns and Coincidences: A Sequel to All Is But a Beginning by John G. Neihardt *(University of Missouri, Columbia, 1978; 122 pp., $9.50).*

In this final segment of his autobiography, John Neihardt, Nebraska poet and author of the celebrated *Black Elk Speaks,* describes the final years of his youth.

The American Indian: Language and Literature compiled by Jack W. Marken *(AHM Publishing, Arlington Heights, Illinois, 1978; 205 pp., index, $12.95 cloth, $8.95 paper).*

Substantially larger than other volumes in the Goldentree series, this bibliography focuses on Native American language and literature but should be of interest to historians as well.

SAN ILDEFONSO PUEBLO POTTER MARIA MARTINEZ (SEE BELOW)

Maria Martinez: Five Generations of Potters by Susan Peterson *(Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C., 1978, for sale by Supt. of Documents, U.S. Gov. Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402; 48 pp., $4.50 incl. postage).*

Based on an exhibition developed at the Smithsonian's Renwick Gallery, this attractive catalogue illustrates and discusses the work of the famed San Ildefonso Pueblo potter and her family.

Books About Hawaii: Fifty Basic Authors by A. Grove Day *(University Press of Hawaii, Honolulu, 1977; 112 pp., illus., appen., index, $8.95).*

An outstanding source for anyone interested in learning more about Hawaii, this bibliography by a professor emeritus of English at the University of Hawaii includes useful short essays about each of the fifty "basic authors" as well as a good general introduction to island literature.

The Brannan Saga by Kay Archuleta with drawings by Joe Seney *(Kay Archuleta, 1320 Cedar, Calistoga, CA 94515, 1977; 116 pp., illus., map, appen., index, $14.95 cloth, $6.95 paper).*

The story of wealthy Mormon adventurer Sam Brannan's ill-fated attempt to make Calistoga, California, the Saratoga of the West is recounted in this extremely attractive book, along with enough background material to make the volume an entertaining history of this Napa Valley spa as well.

Conquer and Colonize: Stevenson's Regiment in California by Donald C. Biggs *(Presidio Press, San Rafael, California, 1978; 263 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, $12.95).*

A former director of the California Historical Society examines the much maligned Stevenson Regiment, whose mission was to occupy California during the Mexican War, and shows that its members later contributed greatly to the state's growth.

Transcribing and Editing Oral History by Willa K. Baum *(American Association for State and Local History, Nashville, 1977; 127 pp., biblio., $6.75 paper).*

Written by the head of the University of California's Regional Oral History Office, this detailed practical guide will be useful to anyone interested in conducting oral history interviews.

Hispano Folklife of New Mexico: The Lorin W. Brown Federal Writers' Manuscripts by Lorin W. Brown with Charles L. Briggs and Marta Weigle *(University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, 1978; 279 pp., illus., notes, appen., biblio., index, $15.00).*

Lorin Brown interviewed old-time residents of small northern New Mexico villages during the 1930s to gather information on their fast-disappearing culture. Much of this material, along with an introductory chapter on his life, are included in this interesting, thoughtfully compiled book.

A Lady's Experiences in the Wild West in 1883 by Rose Pender *(University of Nebraska, Lincoln, 1978; 134 pp., $8.50).*

An opinionated Englishwoman describes the West—including a foray up Pikes Peak, umbrella in hand—in this entertaining sample of early-day travel writing.

Sidewheelers to Nuclear Power: A Pictorial Essay Covering 123 Years at the Mare Island Naval Shipyard by Sue Lemmon and E. D. Wichels *(Leeward Publications, Annapolis, 1977; 240 pp., illus., appen., biblio., index, $11.95).*

With the help of more than two hundred fifty period photographs, the authors tell the story of the West's oldest naval shipyard, located at the upper end of San Francisco Bay. AW

REVIEWS

The Reader's Encyclopedia of the American West edited by Howard R. Lamar *(T. Y. Crowell, New York, 1977; 1,318 pp., illus., $24.95).*

REVIEWED BY W. TURRENTINE JACKSON

GOOD BOOKS, like good wine, take time. Almost ten years ago, Howard Lamar undertook the monumental task of compiling available scholarly information on the frontier experience in the American West from colonial times to the present. Two hundred individuals have contributed approximately 2,400 entries. This overwhelming undertaking was well worth the effort, for henceforth any reader seeking information on the American West will first turn to this premier reference encyclopedia.

Quite justly, the publishers claim this volume includes "a detailed examination of the people, places, institutions, and ideas that collectively define the American frontier experience." The editor emphasizes his concern with the writers, artists, and film makers who have created the mythical West as well as with the immense body of historical scholarship. Twentieth-century developments are not neglected. Contemporary emphasis on environment, law and order, the status of American Indians, and the contributions of racial and ethnic minorities, for example, are duly recognized. The expected entries on exploration and discovery, trade and commerce, and politics receive no more emphasis than those on language, folklore, the arts, legend, and historic sites. Overview essays, thematic and topical articles, and biographical sketches of historical figures and living historians are intermingled. The diligent reader will welcome the system of cross reference providing guideposts through the almost overwhelming amount of information. Brief bibliographies are provided for those who wish to read further. The limited number of illustrations, both photographs and maps, are well chosen.

Only a scholar with the professional prestige and wide academic acquaintance of Howard Lamar could have produced this *tour de force*. In fact, some may feel that the influence of professional historians overshadows the contributions of those in other fields. Encyclopedias can only approach perfection. One might question omissions like Jack London when claiming to emphasize the Alaskan frontier, or including Luke Short, the gambler and gunman, and omitting the writer. Living historians may have a moment of anxiety on reading their biographies written in the past tense, but contributors wisely confined the evaluation of historians' contributions to the dead and spared the living.

Publication of this volume commemorates a generation of scholarly and creative endeavor and will stand the test of time. AW

W. Turrentine Jackson, *professor of history at the University of California, Davis, is also Distinguished American Specialist Lecturer on the Frontier Experience for the Department of State.*

Reader's Digest Story of the Great American West by the editors of the Reader's Digest *(Reader's Digest Association, New York, distributed by W. W. Norton, 1977; 384 pp., illus., biblio., index, $14.95).*

REVIEWED BY WARREN A. BECK

THIS BEAUTIFULLY CRAFTED, large-format, and extensively illustrated book will gladden the heart of anyone interested in the American West. Put together by some of the nation's leading experts, headed by Ray Allen Billington, it answers most of the questions one might ask about the West. A prologue and eleven chapters provide an overview of all phases of the development of the region from "The Coming of the Europeans" to "The West Comes of Age." Thus this attractive work, which is encyclopedic in scope, does in a single book what Time-Life's Old West series takes a dozen volumes to do.

But if conciseness is the virtue of this study, it is also its primary weakness. For of its 371 pages only about one-half are devoted to text, and in such limited space it is simply impossible to write anything but a cursory history of the American West. Generalization in history is always dangerous, and when one tries to cover so much in so few pages it is especially so. Saying that President Lamar of Texas in 1841 "hoped to corner the Santa Fe trade and extend the borders of Texas to the Pacific" ignores the many efforts of scholars to make sense of this event. Neither is it true that critics of the California Committee of Vigilance admitted that they "acted only when the city's elected

Continued on page 52

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officials had failed to enforce the law." The weakest part of this book is its discussion of Indians, which simplistically relates that all whites were evil and all Red Men noble, with no attention given to the cultural conflict that took place. The reasons for these deficiencies in the text are revealed in the bibliography, which lists many general and popular sources while ignoring scholarly works.

What makes this book indispensable to the specialist as well as the western history buff are its illustrations. There are twenty-four double spreads that by means of text, diagrams, and specially commissioned drawings bring to life often neglected subjects such as "Building a Log Cabin," "Felling Trees," "Photographers of the West," and "A Day at the Mission." In fact, the descriptive material is so good that the reader feels ready to trap a beaver, break a bronco, or build a sod house. The information provided is not easily found elsewhere and thus constitutes the most valuable aspect of this work. The numerous other illustrations are of superior quality, and a large number of inserts deal with persons and topics. Unfortunately, the maps are so small they detract from this otherwise remarkable book. AW

Warren A. Beck is professor of history at California State University, Fullerton, and the author of several books on the American West.

Schoolboy, Cowboy, Mexican Spy by Jay Monaghan, foreword by Ray Allen Billington *(University of California, Berkeley, 1977; 230 pp., illus., index, $10.95).*

REVIEWED BY MILTON SHATRAW

JAY MONAGHAN'S BOOK is a lighthearted account of a well-to-do Philadelphia boy's college vacations spent working in the southwest at the turn of the century. It brings back many nostalgic memories to this reviewer, who was born and raised on a Montana cattle ranch during the same period.

Because of Monaghan's eastern upbringing and his intermittent life among the western ranchers, it seems unlikely that he would be accepted by them as readily as he implies. However, the tales he tells of his experiences while working among them ring true and provide many authoritative and interesting details of western life at that time. Still, in looking back from the present to the past, Monaghan occasionally allows one of our modern terms to creep into the text: for example, in referring to a bedroll as a

BISON BOOKS

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sleeping bag. Also, he sometimes fails to dramatize his feeling about truly dangerous experiences but instead tells them as mere recollections. This is especially noticeable when he describes how he was captured by government soldiers and thrown into jail during Francisco Madero's Mexican insurrection. It is hard to believe that young Monaghan accepted the all too real possibility of being shot as a spy so casually.

But his deep and sincere love for the West is amply demonstrated by his return to northwest Colorado after college graduation. Settling in Pat's Hole, he engaged in sheep and cattle ranching there for the next twenty years.

The book as a whole is a pleasant and interesting story of an eastern boy's impressions of the last of the Old West. AW

Milton Shatraw *is the author of* Thrashin' Time: Memories of a Montana Boyhood *as well as several articles about life in the early West.*

The Army and the Navajo by Gerald Thompson *(The University of Arizona, Tucson, 1976; 210 pp., illus., maps, biblio., appen., notes, index, $8.50 cloth, $4.95 paper).*

The Navajos and the New Deal by Donald L. Parman *(Yale University Press, New Haven, 1976; 332 pp., illus., biblio., index, $17.50).*

REVIEWED BY DAVID M. BRUGGE

THE NAVAJO NATION has suffered two major traumas in its dealings with the United States, traumas that have changed forever the course of tribal history and that will be obstacles to Navajo-white relations far into the future. The first was the exile at Fort Sumner following the military defeat of the tribe in the years from 1863 to 1868. The second was the livestock reduction of the 1930s and 40s under Commissioner of Indian Affairs John Collier. Each of these books presents a study of one of these events.

Gerald Thompson's *The Army and the Navajo* is characterized as an administrative history, a term that well describes his work. While his description of Navajo cultural history is weak, he deals with the place of the Bosque Redondo experiment in federal Indian policy with great authority. He shows convincingly both how in the search for a solution to "the Navajo problem," the interplay of idealism, greed, and political expediency shaped what happened to a conquered people who had little power to direct their own destiny and how the policies devised had an impact on territorial and national affairs. The personalities of the white administrators and their tangled motives emerge against a background of almost passive Indian suffering.

Thompson works largely from the contemporary historical documentation. This enables him to examine in detail the decisions and actions of General James H. Carleton, who conceived the plan and directed its implementation, and of the great number of whites who worked to make the scheme succeed, opposed it, or enriched themselves through the opportunities it presented. Nature and political forces conspired to undermine Carleton's efforts, assisted by his own authoritarian methods, suited to leading an army but not to dealings with a civilian population of frontiersmen and Indians.

Donald L. Parman's *The Navajos and the New Deal* depicts a more recent era and changed conditions. Again a basically historical book but with more insight into the workings of Navajo culture, it captures a good deal of the complexity of modern Navajo politics in an early stage of development. By 1930 many Navajo leaders were literate, and the documents include several written in their own words, albeit primarily for white readers and perhaps differing from what was said in Navajo.

Commissioner of Indian Affairs John Collier, much as Carleton, was a product of his time, a man driven by both personal and political necessity. His fervor to reform Indian policy mixed a romantic view of the Indian past with a strong conservation ethic, both assets in the Roosevelt administration but with potential for arousing Congressional and Indian opposition. Navajo leaders such as Jacob C. Morgan found their most powerful white allies among politicians who not only opposed Collier but were ultimately against matters most basic to Navajo well-being. Land, livestock, and lifeways were the issues; and no white official or political movement coincided precisely with the aims of any of the Navajo factions. In such a situation, politics made stranger bedfellows than today's logic can comprehend.

Collier misjudged the significance of sheep in Navajo culture, the one crucial factor that he failed to have his experts study; and Morgan misjudged the strength of the ideals that he had learned in Indian school. In the all-or-nothing political fighting that ensued, both errors were fatal. Nobody won, least of all the Navajos.

Each book contributes significantly to our knowledge of the times it describes,

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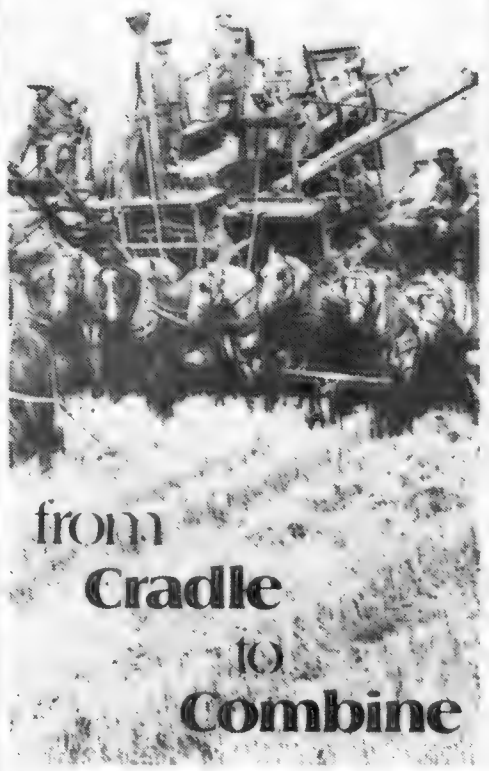

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one as the latest of a succession of important works on the subject, the other as the first book-length scholarly study of an era but recently recognized as history. Both authors tell us a great deal about the white man; Parman something about the Navajo as well. Both are large steps forward in our quest for a better understanding of intercultural relations and well worth their purchase prices. AW

David M. Brugge, *an anthropologist, has spent most of his career with the Navajos in both research and applied anthropology.*

condition.

The first of a planned two-volume series (the second of which will focus on the twentieth century), *Native American Testimony* succeeds in presenting an authentic, engaging, and impassioned account of Indian history from sources that heretofore have not been readily accessible to either the scholar or the general reader. AW

Michael L. Lawson *is a research historian at the Smithsonian Institution's National Portrait Gallery, Washington, D.C.*

Native American Testimony: An Anthology of Indian and White Relations, First Encounter to Dispossession edited by Peter Nabokov, preface by Vine Deloria, Jr. *(Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, 1978; 254 pp., illus., maps, notes, index, $8.95).*

REVIEWED BY MICHAEL L. LAWSON

THIS ANTHOLOGY of poignant testimonials weaves together a rich history, from the Native American perspective, of the first four centuries of Indian-white relations on this continent. Although all of the selections have previously appeared in print, Peter Nabokov deserves praise for his brilliant success in ferreting out materials that transcend the usual antiseptic interpretations of cultural conflict and bring the Native American experience to life.

In contrast to the growing number of other Indian anthologies, *Native American Testimony* is distinguished by its tighter chronological focus on the central themes of white encroachment and the inevitable clash of cultures prior to 1890, and by its emphasis on the informal Native American perception of events rather than their precise historical reconstruction. The volume thus relies much more heavily and uncritically on the oral traditions of the tribes and less on the embellished oratory of noted chieftains. Cohesion and historical perspective are nevertheless maintained through Nabokov's well-written introductory narrative.

With bitterness, wonder, affection, and despair, Indians tell of their premonitions of the European coming, their responses to strangers "white like peeled logs," and their reactions to destructive new cultural forces. Swept up in the full range of emotions that emanate from these passages, the reader is given an opportunity to transcend barriers of time, space and culture, experience the meaning of life as tribal members knew it, and savor the richness of the universal human

Glittering Misery: Dependents of the Indian Fighting Army by Patricia Y. Stallard *(Presidio Press, San Rafael, Calif./ Old Army Press, Ft. Collins, Colo., 1978; 159 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $10.95).*

Life and Manners in the Frontier Army by Oliver Knight *(University of Oklahoma, Norman, 1978; 288 pp., biblio., notes, index, $12.95).*

REVIEWED BY AMANDA LANGEMO

IN CONTRAST to most military historians who focus on postulating causes of battle, defining strategy, magnifying victory, and memorializing heroes, Oliver Knight and Patricia Stallard concern themselves with family life in the garrison rather than combat operations on the field.

Out of love and loyalty, women of all social and economic levels risked health and safety to accompany the Indian fighting army to the trans-Mississippi West. There, never knowing whether husbands and fathers would return from campaigns alive, they endured months of privation, isolation, and monotony in flimsy quarters, rearing children and supporting one another in maintaining as stable a home-life as possible. Occasional masked balls, amateur theatricals, parties, parades, and romantic flirtations furnished diversion and recreation, but nothing lessened the threat of malaria and unwanted pregnancy, the fear of Indians and scorpions, or the dread of Wyoming blizzards and Arizona heat.

Common concerns and enforced proximity developed sudden intimacies and fragile links between people of unequal rank. According to Oliver Knight, "In spite of the closeness . . . there was a brittleness about garrison relationships." Jealousy over promotions and housing privileges in the military caste system caused enmity, and malicious gossip corroded family spirit.

Oliver Knight quotes extensively from

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novelist Captain Charles King, and Patricia Stallard's book is greatly enhanced by more than sixty photographs, while copious notes and bibliographies authenticate both volumes.

Reading these two books, one gains an understanding of the life-style of the frontier army and an appreciation of the women's role in injecting a measure of glitter to alleviate the misery during the Indian Wars of the late nineteenth century. AW

Amanda Langemo, *poet and writer, is a retired English professor and a translator of Scandinavian books and articles.*

John Collier's Crusade for Indian Reform, 1920–1954 by Kenneth R. Philp *(University of Arizona, Tucson, 1977; 320 pp., illus., biblio., notes, index, $12.50 cloth, $6.50 paper).*

REVIEWED BY RICHARD N. ELLIS

IN 1920 JOHN COLLIER, who had worked with ethnic minorities as a social worker in New York, visited Taos Pueblo in New Mexico and gained a deep appreciation of Pueblo Indian life. He soon became the leading critic of federal Indian policy in the 1920s. Attacks by Collier and others prevented passage of bills detrimental to Indian interests and created a mood that led to investigations of Indian affairs, the beginning of reforms during Herbert Hoover's administration, and to the appointment of Collier to head the Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1933.

During his twelve years as commissioner, Collier could list many accomplishments. He ensured that Indians benefited from programs of New Deal relief agencies. He supported an Indian CCC program and the Johnson-O'Malley Act, which reimbursed local areas for the education of Indian children. He issued orders to preserve religious freedom for Indian people, created an arts and crafts board, and encouraged education through day schools. His most important accomplishment was the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, which was designed to revitalize Indian civilization and tribal governments and which was supplemented by the Oklahoma Welfare Act. Collier ended the allotment of Indian land and broke with the policy of assimilating Indians into the greater society, but not without opposition. Philp describes congressional attacks, right-wing criticism, and opposition from Indians through tribal organizations and other groups.

While Philp is generally favorable to Collier, he recognizes in Collier an impatience and singlemindedness that often caused allies to desert him. Collier could be domineering and was willing to impose his programs on Indian people, frequently using methods that he had previously criticized.

Philp's thoroughly researched study covers a large segment of twentieth-century Indian policy, including Collier's later activity, and is the first in-depth study of a man who may have been the nation's most important commissioner of Indian affairs; for these reasons, *John Collier's Crusade for Indian Reform* is a particularly important book. It can be supplemented by Donald Parman's *The Navajos* (1976) and Lawrence Kelly's *Navajo Indians and Federal Indian Policy, 1900–1935* (1968). AW

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COOK

(Continued from page 12)

The severe buffeting experienced by the ships along the coast and the necessity for repairs left little time for leisure during the few weeks stay in Nootka Sound. Work was done at a grueling pace in order not to lose the season for searching for the Northwest Passage. Cook was preoccupied, and his observations of the surrounding country and its people were accordingly cursory. However, he did observe a people who were shrewd traders. Their sense of private property also came as a surprise: he had to trade for wood, water, and grass for the ships' goats.

But they were not interested in beads, baubles, and colored feathers, as Cook noted. "Nothing would go down with them but metal and brass was now become their favourate, So that before we left the place, hardly a bit of brass was left in the Ship, except what was in the necessary instruments. Whole Suits of cloaths were striped of every button, Bureaus &ca of their furniture and Copper kettles, Tin canesters, Candle sticks & ca all went to wreck."

In exchange, besides the usual brisk traffic in "curios," the English received animal pelts, particularly sea otter pelts. The price these furs later fetched in China so far exceeded anyone's expectations that some members of the crew wanted to return to Nootka for more before heading home. Later, the publication of Cook's third voyage journals spread the news about this untapped wealth, and commercial expeditions were quickly launched. The first trading vessels arrived in Nootka Sound in 1785 and by 1825 the sea otter was practically extinct.

In these early trading days, Spain and England came to the brink of war over Nootka Sound as each sought trade rights in the Nootka area. Spain was eventually forced to relinquish her claims, and in 1789 Cook's former midshipman on the third voyage, Captain George Vancouver, formally took possession of the fur-trading posts of Nootka Sound in the name of the British Crown.

On leaving Nootka on April 26, the ships encountered a violent storm, and the *Resolution* sprang a leak that was to prove troublesome for the rest of the voyage. Rather than risk the danger of being swept onto a lee shore, Cook headed out to sea. Land was not sighted again until May 1 near Cape Edgecumbe on the southeastern Alaska coast.

Cook's instructions directed him not to lose time exploring the coast until he reached 65° north latitude, where it was thought most likely that the Northwest Passage would begin. Cook accordingly passed and named Cross Sound and Cape Fairweather, and by May 10 the ships were off Mount St. Elias, discovered and named in 1741 by Vitus Bering.

Russian exploration of the coast that Cook was approaching had produced the wildly inaccurate maps that Cook carried with him. They were to cause him great frustration and loss of time as he attempted to reconcile them with the coast he was actually seeing. Especially misleading was a map of Russian discoveries by Jacob von Stählin, which showed a much shorter route to the Arctic Sea than through Bering Strait. On this map Alaska was a large island separated from the North American mainland by a passage to the Arctic Sea 15° east of Bering Strait. Cook was now looking for this passage.

On May 12, the *Resolution* and *Discovery* entered Prince William Sound, which Cook named Sandwich Sound. Hopes that they had found the shortcut shown on Stählin's map were soon dashed. Nevertheless the native people excited their curiosity, especially when one of the seamen called out in astonishment that he had found a man with two mouths. The explanation turned out to be quite simple. "Some . . . men and women," wrote Cook, "have the under lip slit quite through horizontally, and so large as to admit the tongue which I have seen thrust through." Ornaments were affixed in this opening.

After leaving Prince William Sound, deeply disappointed at not finding the Northwest Passage, the expedition sailed southwest along the Alaskan coast. Cook diligently pursued his instructions to explore this area by looking into every bay extending to the east. In late May he made his way far up the most promising estuary, later named Cook Inlet, to the site of the present city of Anchorage. From May 25 to June 5 he explored the inlet in the hope that it might be the passage they sought. But there was no way through.

Having taken possession of the country in the name of the king, Cook now sailed west along the southern side of the Aleutians, looking for a way through into more northern waters. Surveying and charting were made difficult, however, by a "thick fog and a foul wind." They narrowly missed running onto the north point of Unalaska Island, which Cook named "Providence" because it was almost as if they had been saved by special intervention. At last the two ships sailed through Unalga Pass and anchored at the north end of Unalaska in Samgoonoodha Harbor.

There was something unusual about this place. The native people bore a remarkable resemblance to the inhabitants of Prince William Sound, but they doffed their caps and bowed politely, in the European manner. Cook began to suspect that the explanation lay in the presence of Russian fur traders throughout the Aleutians.

Cook meant only to stop in Samgoonoodha for water, but fog delayed his departure for three days. On July 2 the fog lifted and Cook set a northeasterly course into the Bering Sea, rounding the Alaskan peninsula out of Bristol Bay and past Cape Newenham, which he claimed in the name of the king. If Britain had followed up Cook's claim in the years after his discoveries, this land might have become British rather than Russian territory.

The ships now sailed through Bering Strait, steering northeast. There was a dramatic fall in temperature and a sharp deterioration in the weather. In the bitter cold, the sailors had to work with rigging so encrusted with ice that their hands could scarcely grasp the ropes. Then, at latitude 70° 44′, near Icy Cape, they encountered an impenetrable field of ice stretching from horizon to horizon, dash-

ing any hopes of finding the Northwest Passage that season.

Although neither of the ships was equipped for such work, Cook tried for a week to find a way through the ice. But he was in an increasingly dangerous position and had to turn southwest to prevent the ships from being crushed between the ice and the shore. Thick fog intensified the danger. At times the ships had to rely for directions on the roaring and braying of walruses that huddled in herds along the edge of the ice.

As he retreated south, Cook decided to explore more thoroughly the American coast between Bering Strait and Cape Newenham, reckoning that if he found no opening in that region, he would be able to sail direct to Bering Strait the following summer to try for the Northwest Passage once more.

In early September the ships sighted the American coast near Sedge Island (close to the present city of Nome) and anchored in Norton Sound. Inspection revealed it to be another disappointing cul-de-sac. On October 2, the two ships again put in at Unalaska, remaining there for three weeks while repairs were made to the ships. Both were in serious condition: riggings shattered, sails blown out, hulls leaking, and many spars showing signs of trouble. The crews as well were clearly suffering from their hardships in the Arctic. During this visit Cook had his first encounter with Russian fur traders, who pointed out errors in the charts that Cook had been using and helped fill in some of the missing portions of his own.

Despite the disappointment of not finding the Northwest Passage, the results of this single season of exploration were remarkable. Cook had charted the North American coast from what is now Oregon to beyond Bering Strait, making him the first man to know for certain the breadth of North America. He had also proved the narrowness of the break in the land bridge between Asia and America.

Cook now made a decision that delighted his crew: he resolved to turn south to winter in the warm climate of the Sandwich Islands. It had been almost three years since the men had left England. Still before them was the task of a second sweep into the North Arctic.

THE ISLAND OF MAUI appeared on the horizon in late November 1778. The excitement of the crew, however, soon turned to frustration, for pounding surf prevented the ships from making a landing until mid-January. During this period Cook sailed among the islands, standing offshore at night and trading with the natives for food and water during the day. The islanders visited the ships in great numbers and always a few (inevitably some women) remained overnight. Nevertheless it was a "jaded and very heartily tir'd" company of seamen who on January 17, 1779, brought the *Resolution* and *Discovery* to anchor in lovely Kealakekua Bay on the island of Hawaii.

During the ships' previous visit, the islanders had established a link between Captain Cook and their god Lono, and Cook's return again coincided with the four-month period when Hawaiians celebrated the worship of Lono. Lono was an agricultural god, and the central rite connected with him was the gathering of the yearly tax of pigs, agricultural produce, and tapa cloth by the high chief or king. As Cook sailed from island to island receiving provisions, it was as if Lono himself had returned to collect his own tribute. Thus, when Cook went ashore at Kealakekua Bay, he was at once hailed as "Lono" by the priests, while the common people prostrated themselves before him as they had done the previous year on Kauai.

For nine days the *Resolution* and *Discovery* lay in Kealakekua Bay, awaiting the arrival of the king of the island of Hawaii, Kalani'opu'u, called Tereoboo by Cook. At last he arrived with a flourish, his royalty proclaimed by the excellence of his entourage and the magnificence of his red and yellow feathered cape that "trailed to the ground having a very rich and elegant appearance." Throwing this cloak around Cook's shoulders, the king acclaimed him as Lono.

The next two and a half weeks in Hawaii were the most peaceful of the entire expedition. What happened later to transform this profusion of hospitality into hostility is difficult to say, unless the cause lay in its very excess. The ships departed on February 4 to see some of the other islands in the group before steering for the Arctic Ocean again. But three days after leaving harbor, the *Resolution* was crippled when her foremast was sprung during a storm. Cook's choice at this time was not an easy one: either look for another harbor among the treacherous, fortressed islands or return to a safe anchorage at Kealakekua Bay where, Cook felt, they had already drained the resources of the people. Somewhat wary about imposing upon the Kealakekuans again, Cook nevertheless chose the latter plan, arriving back at the harbor on February 10 in time to celebrate the third anniversary of admiralty orders for the voyage.

The atmosphere this time was very different. Lieutenant Burney noted that the king "was very inquisitive, as were several of the Owhyhe Chiefs, to know the reason of our return and appeared much dissatisfied at it." Several petty thefts occurred, aggravating Cook and his officers. Then on February 14, Captain Clerke discovered that his large cutter had been stolen. This was a serious theft, and on being informed of it, Cook was furious. His actions to recover the craft were to cost him his life.

Accompanied by two officers and nine marines, he traveled across the bay in the early morning to take King Kalani'opu'u hostage until the cutter was returned. The king readily agreed to go with Cook to the ship. Meanwhile, a crowd gathered on the beach. As Cook withdrew to the boat a general melee ensued, sparked by news from across the bay that a young chief had been shot by Cook's men. The surgeon's mate on the *Resolution*, David Samwell, left this account of what happened next: "A Volley of Stones now came among our People on which the Marines gave a general fire and left themselves without a Reserve, this was instantly followed by a fire from the Boats, on which Capt. Cook . . . waved his hand to the Boats, told them to cease their fire and come nearer to receive the People . . . no sooner had the Marines made the general Discharge but the body of them flung down their pieces and threw

themselves into the water, on this all was over, the Indians immediately rushed down upon them, dragged those who could not swim upon the rocks where they dashed their brains out. . . . Capt. Cook . . . was seen alive no more."

The news of Cook's death, so sudden and without warning, stunned the crew, and they reacted with panic and then with rage. Several days later, when the Hawaiians stoned a shore party going for water, the mariners turned on their assailants with pent-up fury, shooting them, burning down houses, and in a fit of barbaric vengeance, cutting off the heads of their dead victims and impaling them on stakes.

With this violence the immense emotions began to abate. The islanders came to the beach carrying white flags and gifts of food. Though they had lost twenty-five of their own people, they nevertheless seemed intent on mending the "miserable Breach" between them and the crew. Finally, the bones of Captain Cook were returned, six days after his death. On February 22, "at 5 [PM] both Ships hoisted Ensign's & Pendants half Staff up & Crossed over Yards, at 3/4 past the *Resolution* toll'd her bell & fir'd 10 four pounders half Minute Gun's & committed the bones of Capt. Cook to the Deep, at 6 squar'd our Yards."

THERE WAS NO REASON to remain any longer on Hawaii. The defective rigging had been repaired, and the ships prepared to leave once more. Captain Clerke, who succeeded to the command of the *Resolution*, with John Gore as captain of the *Discovery*, now set a course for the Arctic and a second search for the Northwest Passage.

On April 28, the expedition sighted Kamchatka, the peninsula northeast of Japan, and by May both ships had anchored off the little village of Petropavlosk, a fortified post at the extreme limits of the Russian Empire. Here they remained for six weeks so that repairs could be made and provisions gathered. Clerke now entrusted Cook's journal and his own to the Russian governor for forwarding to England in case some further disaster overtook the expedition.

During the stay at Petropavlosk it became increasingly apparent that Captain Clerke was dying from tuberculosis. Nevertheless, he took the two ships through Bering Strait in another attempt to find a way through the Arctic ice. He had no more luck that Cook, however, and was forced to turn south once more. Within sight of Kamchatka Clerke died and was buried there on August 30, 1779.

On October 10, with the Virginian John Gore in command and young James King as captain of the *Discovery*, the expedition set course for home via Canton and Macao. Here they learned that though the French as well as the Americans were now at war with England, both countries, in their admiration for Cook and his contribution to knowledge, had exempted his ships from attack or capture. When the expedition at last arrived back in England, they had been away for four years, two months, and twenty-two days—the longest single exploring voyage in history.

Their return evoked little excitement, however. News of Cook's death had reached England some ten months before, and there was little else they could tell the Admiralty about the main purpose of the voyage, for they had found no Northwest Passage. News of the wealth of furs on the North Pacific coast of America seemed to be the most important item in their report.

Officers and crew now awaited promotion and dispersal to war duty. The memory of having served with Cook, however, was a bond which kept many of them together. David Samwell, who was promoted to surgeon under Captain King, described the pleasure they took in each other's company, writing in 1781 that "we find no small satisfaction in talking over the eventful history of our voyage and are happy beyond Measure when any of our old companions come to see us from other ships which they do as often as they can."

To be able to claim the experience of having served with Cook was a cherished privilege. His contemporaries acknowledged him as the greatest navigator and explorer in history. Historians echo that judgment. No man did more than Cook to alter and correct the map of the world. He revolutionized exploration, transforming it from a storm-tossed adventure into a controlled, methodical science. Cook was not only a discoverer; he was also an explorer in surveying and mapping what he found and in observing what he saw.

In ten years of voyaging, Cook charted more of the Pacific than had been recorded by the numerous Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English explorers of the previous two hundred and fifty years. His discoveries enlarged the known world more extensively and more suddenly than in the thousand years before.

Cook's third voyage virtually completed the map of the Pacific. To his earlier charts of New Zealand and the eastern coast of Australia he added an accurate outline of the coast of Northwest America. As well as rediscovering and precisely locating Pacific island groups, he also added the entirely new island group of Hawaii. While in the southern hemisphere on previous voyages he had virtually discovered the Antarctic continent; on the third voyage, in the Arctic, he confirmed the separation of the Asian and American continents and established the impossibility of a commercial sea route to the Atlantic.

Cook did more, however, than map the islands and coastline of the Pacific. The discovery of new lands meant the discovery of new peoples, and Cook and his men described their cultures, religions, and political systems. The meticulous journals of their voyages generally provide our first accounts of the Polynesians, Maoris, Tasmanians, Nootkans, Eskimos, and Kamchadals.

No navigator before Cook had made voyages of such length or brought back so much accurate knowledge of such an immense extent of the earth. As Cook said of himself in a rare moment of self-revelation, he sought "not only to go farther than anyone had done before but as far as possible for man to go." **AW**

Daniel Conner *was born in London. After graduating with honors in modern history from Oxford, he traveled to the United States on a Coolidge scholarship. He then studied Canadian history at the University of British Columbia, where he is now employed preparing social studies texts for schools.*

"Comin' through the Country"

(Continued from page 17)

straight to him because that was her brother with Papa and so Uncle John said, "I want y'all to meet this young man," said, "He came by and stayed all night with us last night and we asked him to church."

And so Mama and her friend Laura (Laura Edwards was her friend; Edwards was old timers here, you know) they talked with him and they sat down there by Uncle John and Papa, you know, those girls did, and had church and then they all went home from church and had dinner and then Papa left that evening. And in the meantime he had told Mama the reason he came to Texas.

Before Papa left, Uncle John told him, said, "Well, if you're still over there next Saturday, why come on over." Said, "We have a dance every Saturday night—a square dance." And said, "Come on over and spend the night and go to the square dance."

Well, of course, that just tickled Papa to death, so he said, "I might not get here until late," and he said, "I'll meet y'all over where they're goin' to have the dance."

So Uncle John said, "All right," and they went on.

WELL, Saturday night came and Aunt Laura—we called her Aunt Laura; she was Mama's friend and I didn't know her but we always spoke of her as Aunt Laura (they was old timers here)—and Mama rode the horse together and then Uncle John rode his horse along with them to go to the dance and so when they got over there, well, Papa was there and, of course, he danced with Mama and they danced the square dance and so he asked Mama if he could ride home with her—along with her, you know, just like a date, you know—and so Mama forgot, she wanted to go with him so bad, she forgot she was on a horse with Laura. Now you wasn't supposed to do that; it was a terrible thing—it was just really against the rules of etiquette for a girl to accept a date with a man if they were ridin' with somebody else. If they had their own horse and a man said, "Can I take you home?" that was fine but if you were with somebody else on a horse why it was terrible etiquette to do that. To accept—like a date. So Laura was stayin' all night with her and they were on the same horse and Uncle John was on his horse but she accepted.

Well, then she got to thinkin' and she thought, "Oh, that's just awful; he'll think I'm terrible!" So she went around to Uncle John and told him, her brother, she said, "Oh, I've just done something terrible. I don't know what to do." So she told him what she had done.

He said, "Oh, we'll fix that up, don't worry. I'll fix that up for you."

And so when they went out—they had around the court house there by where they danced, they had a little log cabin where they had the dance, and around this court house they had places to hitch your horse. Everybody just hitched their horse, just drove up and took the reins and hitched in there, all around the court house, and so when Uncle John and Laura (Aunt Laura) and Mama and Papa, they went on out, you know (because he had a date, was supposed to be ridin' along with Mama), well, Uncle John said, "Oh, Narcissa! Your horse got away!" Yes! He did! And just as solemn. (I've heard Papa tease Mama about that after I came along.) And he said, "Well, I declare!"

And so Papa just carried it on, you know, like he didn't suspicion. He said, "Well, I guess he'd go home, wouldn't he?"

"Oh," Uncle John says, "I'm sure he would." Says, "You know we come here so much. I'm sure he just got loose and went on home."

And so Papa, then, suggested—he knew it was a made up deal—and he suggested that the two girls ride together, and that's the way they come. And so they got on their horse, and Mama said they giggled all the way home. All the way.

Said she didn't know why—when Papa would tease her about it, you know—she'd say, "Well, I don't know what you fell in love with me for. I giggled all the way home."

And they'd punch each other and giggle and Papa knew what it was all about but he didn't act like he knew and so when they got on home—he had told them he wouldn't stay all night. They had asked him to come stay all night but he said he'd just go on back home after the dance—and so when they got out to the house why they got off of the horses and so the nigger boy that was workin' there took the horses and so Laura went on in the house then with Uncle John so that Papa could talk to Mama and so Papa said that he said to her, said, "I'd like to come back to see you some time," and said Mama was actin' so silly and gigglin' that he never did get an answer. She just went a-runnin' on in the house, but he came back again anyway.

And they had eleven children, Mama and Papa did, and ten of us lived to marry and bring our children back to the home place every summer and swim in the Brazos River, under the new bridge, and rinse off in the icy spring on the bank and sleep in brass beds in the yard on summer nights in front of the Rock House. **AW**

Mabel Aiken Bayer, *the narrator of this story, was born in Granbury, Texas, on December 17, 1898. She graduated from Granbury High School, attended State Normal School in Denton, and taught in a country school nearby until her marriage to George W. Bayer in 1918. They settled in Georgetown, Texas, where they lived for fifty-three years. During this time she helped her husband manage a cafe, a grocery store, and a real estate office. After his death she moved back to Granbury, where she died in March 1978.*

Jane Stopschinski, *who recorded these reminiscences, is a writer and piano teacher who lives in Houston, Texas, with her husband and five children. She studied at the Julliard School of Music and holds bachelor of music and master of science degrees from Baylor University at Waco, Texas.*

Victorian Family

(Continued from page 37)

would you like to have webbed feet like a goose? Examine your feet and see if they are not growing together.

My Dear John

I am now trying to learn to work a typewriter. I think it is about as hard as trying to run a plow in stumpy ground. But do you think that I am coming on? Can you tell me how many mistakes I have already made? How are you prospering with your arithmetic? "Finished" You will say I hope. I am anxious for you to begin a new book. Geometry, algebra and higher arithmetic you should take up at once.

My Dear Mary

Isn't it fine to learn so [many] new thing[s] each day. And if you do how much you will know when you become a woman. When you learn some good thing you can soon teach it to your little sister and what a help you can be. I like to see you play school and listen to you teach. You just know lots already.

My Dear Elizabeth

You are just a big patch of Sunshine. I remember that you ordered a doll buggy with an umbrella. How are you[r] dolls? Do they behave themselves or do you have to punish them when they are naughty. Who dresses you now in the morning? Is John afraid of a rat? How funny that your big brother should be afraid of a little mouse. But never mind he will be a brave man some day and you will be glad that you have such a brother.

And to all his children, "Don't forget your prayers and may God bless you all."

In a mute but forever demanding manner, it may have been Satchahnee that was the premier teacher. For all the loving care that carpenter Brady had devoted to his eleven-room hemlock-framed abode, and despite its relatively tasteful mix of Queen Anne and American Gothic lines, Satchahnee boasted no refrigerator, no dishwasher, no washer or dryer; indeed, no electrical appliances whatsoever. The home's heating needs were met by an enormous supply of hand-cut wood, fortified by coal when it was available. Even more essential than heat was water. Like wood, water was abundantly at hand, but to transport this elementry resource required exasperating, time-consuming work. Sanitary precautions dictated that drinking water be hauled all the way from Indian River in five-gallon cans—during the summer in the family dump cart, in the winter by sleigh. For washing, the family had a five-thousand-gallon tank situated on a rise to the east of the house where rain water drained from the roof was stored. From this large tank, a gravity-fed pipe directed the water into the kitchen. A cast-iron drum, mounted at the rear of the huge wood-burning Majestic stove, heated the water. Water in the bedrooms was of the bowl-and-pitcher type, for indoor toilets did not exist.

Satchahnee's mechanics were simple enough. Cleaning and fueling the system never was. Just as one of the Brady boys was expected each day to cut and carry kindling to the woodshed, so were they required regularly to dispose of sewage and transport drinking water. The family privy or outhouse stood beside its venerable partner the woodshed. Son Hugh remembered quite vividly:

"We had the two little holes for the kids, two big holes for the grown-ups and a pail of earth and a shovel and after you let yourself go, you'd take a little shovel of dirt and put it on. And every Saturday, we'd take these pails down and dump them at low tide, dump them down in the Bay. Until Father got the idea from the Japanese, that the thing was to dig a hole and dump them up in the garden. Mother didn't like that a little bit. . . .

"Well, then Father got some galvanized pails that were larger than the candy store's [wooden buckets]. Until Sheldon got big enough to help, John and I had to go down every Saturday and dump these damn things. Well, it was a job we didn't like, but . . ."

An equally onerous sanitary chore was provided the boys by their animal friends out back.

"During the winter, every morning, we had to clean the stable, the horse and cow manure, and put it in a big pile on across the road. Then on Saturday's in the winter, we'd hitch up the cart and haul it up and spread it on the garden. Then after a storm at sea, Father would say, 'Well boys, with all the seaweed that washed up on the shore, to save time, get out old Bess.' We'd take the cart and go down and load up the cart with seaweed, then spread that up on the garden."

Lighting, that other domestic indispensable, was equally primitive. Although Mary and Betty were freed from dripping candles, cleaning the glass chimneys and trimming the wicks of the kerosene lamps proved a chore without end. Too often Satchahnee's utilities were complicated by frozen lines, damp wood, or lamps which refused to burn properly. The risk posed by the innumerable residential flames continually ablaze within Sitka's homes was serious, as the charred remains of fire-devastated structures about Sitka testified. In October of 1899, one of Satchahnee's flues jammed and "set fire to the roof, but it was noticed before it had spread much, and with the assistance of a passerby, the blaze was soon extinguished." That evening, family prayers expressed an especially reverential "Thank you, dear Lord."

While the Brady children were never witness to the kind of violence that is now nightly fare on the family TV, there was no effort to disguise death and dying as in mid-twentieth century America. Certainly Mother Brady disapproved of the boys' burning desire to see murderer Homer Bird hang. Their father just as adamantly had refused to pardon this professional killer. Bird and his red-haired girl friend had lured gold-laden miners on board his river-boat death trap; his execution provided one of Sitka's few civil hangings. Denied the gruesome spectacle, the three Brady boys snuck a pre-hanging inspection of the gibbet. "We climbed all over it," they later recalled. "If the gallows had been operat-

ing properly, one of us or one of our boyhood friends would probably have swung."

John, Sheldon, and Hugh viewed their sisters as the lucky ones. Housekeeping might be as unrelenting in its demands as Satchahnee's utilities, but removing lamp black, even shaking out rugs, squeezed out less sweat than chopping wood, drawing water, or even the daily task of milking the family cow. Native and Creole girls, and sometimes Aunts Cassia and Gertrude, lent a hand with the sewing, washing, ironing, baking, canning, cooking, and cleaning tasks. While Elizabeth Brady supervised these internal chores, her father, Hugh Patton, acted as general foreman for the boys.

Grandfather Patton represented yet another stratum of the Brady household. The old gentleman's autumnal years were wonderfully invigorated by his daughter's lively brood. Among his grandchildren, he possessed a very special station. He never had to act as judge or executioner for their recurring infractions, was immensely fond of them, and wholeheartedly accepted his Far North transplantation. A veteran Pennsylvania farmer, patriarch Patton deserves a degree of recognition for making John Brady's celebrated garden bloom. What might have been tedious to his grandsons he transformed into rewarding teamwork. The wee boys' thumbs first developed a green cast after Grandfather Patton quickened their treasure-hunting instincts. Selecting a fertile patch behind the original Governor's House, he urged them to dig. Prizes extracted from the old fort's soil were authentic enough: Russian cannon balls, trade beads, and various Indian relics. The boys' entrepreneurial instincts quickened after their father permitted them a private plot on which to raise vegetables for market. It prospered, and so did the sum of their spending money. And when their garden rested, they could always earn nickels and dimes setting type for Aunt Cassia, who managed Sitka's newspaper, the *Alaskan*.

FATHER BRADY APPRECIATED that hard work not only "built character but healthy bodies." Hazardous childhood diseases such as measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever could still kill. "La grippe," flu, struck Sitka in "full force" in 1892. Elizabeth's fear for her toddlers is not hard to imagine. Fortunately "as far as the white population are concerned," reported the *Alaskan*, "the malady is not malignant in its character, but it has stricken terror into the hearts of the natives." A dozen Indians appear to have died before the disease exhausted itself. Prior to 1895, the resident navy physician handled house calls to Satchahnee. After that date, Dr. Bertrand K. Wilbur from the Training School attended to the family's needs. Sometimes the doctor prescribed wine. "Father would clean up the bottle," his oldest son recollected. "You could not class him as a teetotaler, . . . mother being somewhat of one and her sisters being avid teetotalers." The governor scored another point: a little spirituous liquor never hurt anyone.

John Junior never forgot his dad's formidable restraint regarding yet another human weakness. "Father did not use profanity. . . . I never heard him curse *in any way*, even in slang." This may only prove the discipline of the governor's tongue around his children. Though they never heard him curse, his family was nettled by his use of one word not included in Satchahnee's dictionary. "Father's only blind in the use of language was in the word *ain't*. He maintained that *ain't* was a perfectly good word and insisted that it should be in the dictionary." After his offspring "became of high school and college age we tried to get dad to quit using *ain't*. It was of no avail." One suspects that the governor's *ain't*, like his moldy bowler that exasperated the Patton girls, furnished a harmless way of maintaining his *sui generis*.

The Brady children, like all of Sitka's juveniles, delighted in the town's Russian Orthodox church festivities. Elaborate high masses, crucifix-led religious parades, Saint Michael's polychrome ikons and ornate, sparkling altar screen, the iconostas with its three mysterious swinging doors—it was all a vastly superior performance compared with the drab show featured weekly at their own Presbyterian church. And for all of Dr. Sheldon Jackson's prominence, and the respect they held for him was enormous, Jackson's black and white vestments were totally outclassed by the lavish, bejeweled attire of the Russian Orthodox priests. Perhaps the chanted pageantry of the Eurasian church, an institution whose roots went back to ancient Byzantium, may explain why Brady's youngsters agreeably yielded to the instrumental lessons given by Andrew Kashevaroff, Saint Michael's music director.

FOR Sitka's citizenry, the pasticcio of neighbors was a source of perpetual if incestuous gossip. To children, this mix of people supplied endless amusement. There was Colonel Kostrometinoff, with his imposing moustache and a uniform that bore the glittering Order of St. Daniel, valiantly and vainly trying to drill the town's comic-opera militia. Less martial, but carefully regimented, was the penal labor shuffling about the capital, cutting wood for the courthouse and jail, repaving roads, and grading the government school yard. Clearly crime did not pay. Then there was "Miss Salt Fish." At least that was what the Brady kids dubbed the wrinkled old Creole woman who assisted their father with translations. Each February, Sitka's handful of Chinese unfailingly and noisily reminded Occidentals of China's special New Year's Day. For the dog population the exploding firecrackers were a nightmare, but for the boys the day terminated far too quickly. And for China Mary, the governor's daughters had nothing but pity. Her feet had been bound, and her scowling old spouse refused to let her go out alone. After his death, she abandoned her oriental costume, and the girls felt better. However, it was the Ranche's Indian inhabitants who day in, day out, proved especially intriguing to the Brady youngsters.

At century's end, Sitka's Tlingits still formed over half of the capital's population. Since the Indian village extended between Satchahnee and downtown Sitka, hardly a day ended that members of the Brady clan did not get an eyeful and/or earful as they walked past the village. Yet each year the line of clapboard "whiteman's houses" lengthened, while the number of native canoes scattered along the beach front steadily diminished.

Despite their Americanization, the Northwest Coast Indians remained a people apart. Dramatic as well as mundane incidents confirmed this. Witchcraft had not vanished. Nasty random episodes revealed that even slavery had not been entirely extinguished. Native ceremonials exposed wood talismans, tabard-like blankets, and to non-Tlingit eyes, occult rituals. A number of Indians had adopted only the trappings of American society. For Governor Brady and Sitka's pro-missionary minority, the campaign to clothe the native in the Protestant verities proved forever exasperating.

Certainly frugality and unbending sobriety had little status at an Indian potlatch. While white reformers viewed these gatherings as "wasteful" and "disgraceful," the Indians (or "mixed bloods") who participated felt both enlivened and enriched. To the Brady kids, the potlatch presented only another confusing piece of the aboriginal jigsaw puzzle, reflecting a code quite different from the tenets that to the governor's youngsters were axiomatic, as solid as neighboring Mount Edgecumbe. Among too many of the Tlingit children, and despite their anglicized names, garb, and broken English, the insecurities and handicaps of acculturation lay like a pall. Fortunately an increasing number of native youngsters benefited from either the local government school or the Sitka Industrial School. One wonders how these children were affected by their educational segregation: Public School No. 1 was for Creoles and Anglos, No. 2 for Natives. Occasionally the governor's sons played baseball with the mission children on the parade ground or along the beach at low tide. A few of these associations survived into manhood. Invariably guests at Satchahnee inquired, "What is the condition of the Alaska Indians?" Just as predictably they received a prompt, optimistic answer from Alaska's governor. At intimate family forums, however, the governor tried to explain the natives' agonizing acculturation dilemmas to his children.

After the Bradys brought into Satchahnee a "witch" (a teen-age Tlingit boy who had been rescued by the governor from a staked-down beach drowning), the governor's children learned much about the Tlingit mind-set. Happily, Peter, as the human flotsam was renamed, later became a successful crewman aboard a U.S. cutter. The fact that their father employed Indian youths from the Industrial School in his logging and milling operations cannot have been lost on the Brady children, nor his satisfaction when some of those natives commenced their own lumbering business.

CERTAINLY SITKA'S SMALL FRY seldom found ennui burdensome. Should the weather become harsh, not rainy —Sitka's "mist" played peek-a-boo all year long—a parent could be counted on to contrive some diversion. In 1899, Aunt Gertrude hosted a party for her daughter Matilda and along with her nephews and nieces invited a number of neighboring youngsters. "The little girls," commented a reporter for the *Alaskan,* "looked like little fairies in their beautiful summer dresses, and all had a very pleasant time playing games and greatly enjoyed a bountiful supply of ice cream and cake." The boy guests indubitably proved to be half-trained puppy dogs who made the girls shriek and gorged themselves on their aunt's sweets. Gratification of a different sort could always be found in Edward De Groff's store. Brady's one-time clerk was now his own boss. De Groff seems not to have objected to Sitka's urchins loitering in his store; judging from his enticing inventory, he invited such a clientele. When he installed Sitka's first phone—it ran from his home to his place of business—De Groff became an instant celebrity. His obvious affection for Mother Brady's spirited household calmed her disapproval of certain "scandalous" magazines De Groff displayed for sale.

Although a far cry from Main Street U.S.A., Sitka's Yankee element proudly aped their fellow patriots to the south. How thrilling those Spanish-American War triumphs of 1898 and the annual national holidays which so raised community esteem. Decoration Day in May, Independence Day in July, and Thanksgiving at winter's onset meant picnics, pyrotechnics, athletic competition on the commons, and civic ceremonials for "our honored dead" and a "benevolent God." This mid-year span also witnessed the acceleration of commercial activities and the arrival of passenger steamers filled with tourists. Mary and Betty laughed at the sight-seeing peacocks promenading on Sitka's beach-front gravel path—Lovers' Lane, local boosters called it. And indeed, it was difficult not to muse romantic notions while meandering along that historic trail arched by towering spruce and hemlock, serenaded by the splash of nearby waves. Lovers' Lane terminated at the popular swinging bridge across Indian River, a beauty spot to which John and Elizabeth routinely escorted congressional visitors from Washington, D.C. Visits by United States war vessels—dispatched north to add color to national celebrations—were eagerly anticipated by the boys. A fast boat trip across the harbor, a warm welcome aboard a huge navy warship such as the U.S.S. *Chicago* or *Massachusetts,* and that supremely marvelous racket when the cannon saluted the governor —for the pre-teen boys it was euphoric!

Lacking such imported diversion, Brady's children found infinite adventure exploring the wonderland that surrounded them. Salmon and halibut filled the nearby waters. Equally ubiquitous ashore were mallard, geese, and black-tailed deer. The immediate region displayed a profusion of flowers, ferns, mosses, and luxuriant berry bushes. Betty and Mary could bedeck themselves with dandelion and clover necklaces. And when their brothers grew tired of playing hide-and-seek in the surrounding woodlands, all could snack on salmon berries, thimble berries, and wild raspberries.

On warm summer evenings, boating parties floated about Sitka's channel. "The sound of the guitars and banjos and the merry voices of the singers made the air resound with sweet music, reminding us of pleasant evenings spent at Santa Cruz and Long Island." The territorial capital also boasted a theater. Travel writer Charles Warren Stoddard visited it in 1899:

"It was in one of the original Russian houses, doomed to last forever—a long, narrow hall, with a stage at the upper end of it. A few scenes, evidently painted on the spot and in dire distress; a drop-curtain depicting an utterly impracticable roseate ice-gorge in the ideal Alaska, and

four footlights, constituted the sum total of the properties. The stage was six feet deep, about ten feet broad, and the "flies" hung like "banks" above the foreheads of the players. In the next room, convenient in case of a panic, was the Sitka fire department, consisting of a machine of one-man-power, which a small boy might work without endangering anybody or anything."

Free diversion for the Brady gang was provided by their hometown's law enforcement agencies. Sitka had two police forces. One consisted of the Native Police, maintaining order in the Ranche. The other capital police unit was a company of U.S. Marines. Daily reminders of their presence were bugle salutes at flag raising and lowering. On a clear day, bugle calls spanned the half mile separating Sitka's commons (and adjoining barracks) from Satchahnee. A *boom!* from the Marine Corps' cannon, proclaiming either the start of a national holiday or the imminent docking of a passenger steamer, was sure to arouse Satchahnee's brood. Their father preferred the more melodious, more pacific sound of Sitka's church bells ringing out the advent of a new week and an invitation to holy services.

Rising early on "the Lord's Day" was habitual at Satchahnee. Morning prayers were a daily ritual, but on Sunday they marked merely the beginning of a day-long series of events given over to Christian worship. "There was no respite from it," the children later groaned. "We could *do nothing* but read and that of a religious nature." Actually Sunday was seldom if ever that bleak. A variety of religious activities allowed for considerable socializing. After breakfast when their mother or father had finished oral readings from the Bible, "the family all knelt on their knees in prayer." Services were held in the Indian church during the morning, and sometimes the governor gave the sermon. He and Elizabeth often attended this morning worship, while within Satchahnee's parlor, the children read Bible stories, played Bible games ("Who was Nicodemus?" "Nicodemus was . . .") and memorized the Shorter Catechism. Luncheon finished, they accompanied their aunts to Sunday School.

Always disagreeable was their mother's insistence that they take an afternoon nap following Sunday School. Whether this obligatory rest enabled the children to remain awake during what lay ahead is problematical. Whatever, supper over, they were present when the Christian Endeavor meeting began at 6:30. Hymns, inspirational stories, prayers, Bible readings, instrumental music, reports on various worldwide missionary activities and the immediate social concerns of Alaska's poor followed; and then at 7:30, church service. Hymns, prayers, a sermon—it must have seemed an eternity before the children won their freedom from the Lord's Day.

John Brady's daughters later referred to their father as "Old Church in many ways" and recollected how he knelt beside them for their bedtime prayers. For all his methodical religious practices, his personal piety, and his supreme confidence that "God's will be done," Brady was no "true believer" happy only when bending others to his procrustian frame. "Father did not preach [Christian] salvation as the only course of human life," his oldest son later stated. "Father preached or conducted himself along the line of being a good, ordinary citizen."

"Your actions speak louder than your words." However commonplace this maxim, it certainly guided John and Elizabeth in communicating the depth of their religious faith to their children. What the children witnessed were two adults, who happened to be their parents, comforted by an "Almighty God," gladly worshipping Him. Son John never forgot the gusto of his father's singing. "You always knew when he was in church—he joined in valiantly. And when 'Jerusalem the Golden' and 'Lift up Your Heads Ye Mighty Gates' were the selections, he bellowed forth a blast that startled small children and informed the capital folk the governor had returned."

YEARS AFTERWARD when the Satchahnee idyll had become only a lovely memory montage, and with his public services behind him and both his fiscal as well as his physical condition in poor repair, John Brady could take immense comfort in the growing self-fulfillment achieved by each of his sons and daughters. Indisputably John and Elizabeth had built their home on a foundation of stone, eschewing the slippery sands of parental indulgence and amoral values. Although no one then realized it, time and place had wonderfully favored the Brady household. Parents and progeny alike had been inspired by what historian Richard Hofstadter described as a "vision of the United States as a great new Christian republic." This turn-of-the-century "American Protestantism" was "vital, enthusiastic, self-confident, and immensely active." No specter of nuclear disaster, global starvation, or racial conflagration haunted Satchahnee. Nor did the curse of philosophical purposelessness vitiate its occupants. Lacking electricity, a horseless carriage, and modern communications, it represented a home life too austere, too rigorous, for late-twentieth-century Americans. Theirs was the old-fashioned ideal of plain living and high thinking. No lap dogs to a technological-consumer society, the Brady children benefited from an "education by work, by family, by church." In accomplishing this, their father had also safeguarded himself against that baleful Biblical condemnation: "Everything is vanity and a striving after the wind." **AW**

BIBLIOGRAPHIC NOTE

Among the primary sources employed in writing this piece of family history were: oral interviews with Governor Brady's surviving sons and daughters, especially Hugh P. Brady of Seattle; the John G. Brady Collection, Beinecke Library, Yale University; and the Sheldon Jackson Collection, Presbyterian Historical Society, Philadelphia. Turn of the century newspapers, periodicals, and government reports also yielded a surprising amount of information about Alaska, while the National Archives microfilm, *Interior Department Territorial Papers, Alaska, 1869–1911*, contains valuable data as well. Finally, studies by social historians Arthur W. Calhoun, Ruth Miller Elson, Oscar Handlin, Richard L. Rapson, and Bernard Wishy have enriched the author's understanding of the American family during these transition years.

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